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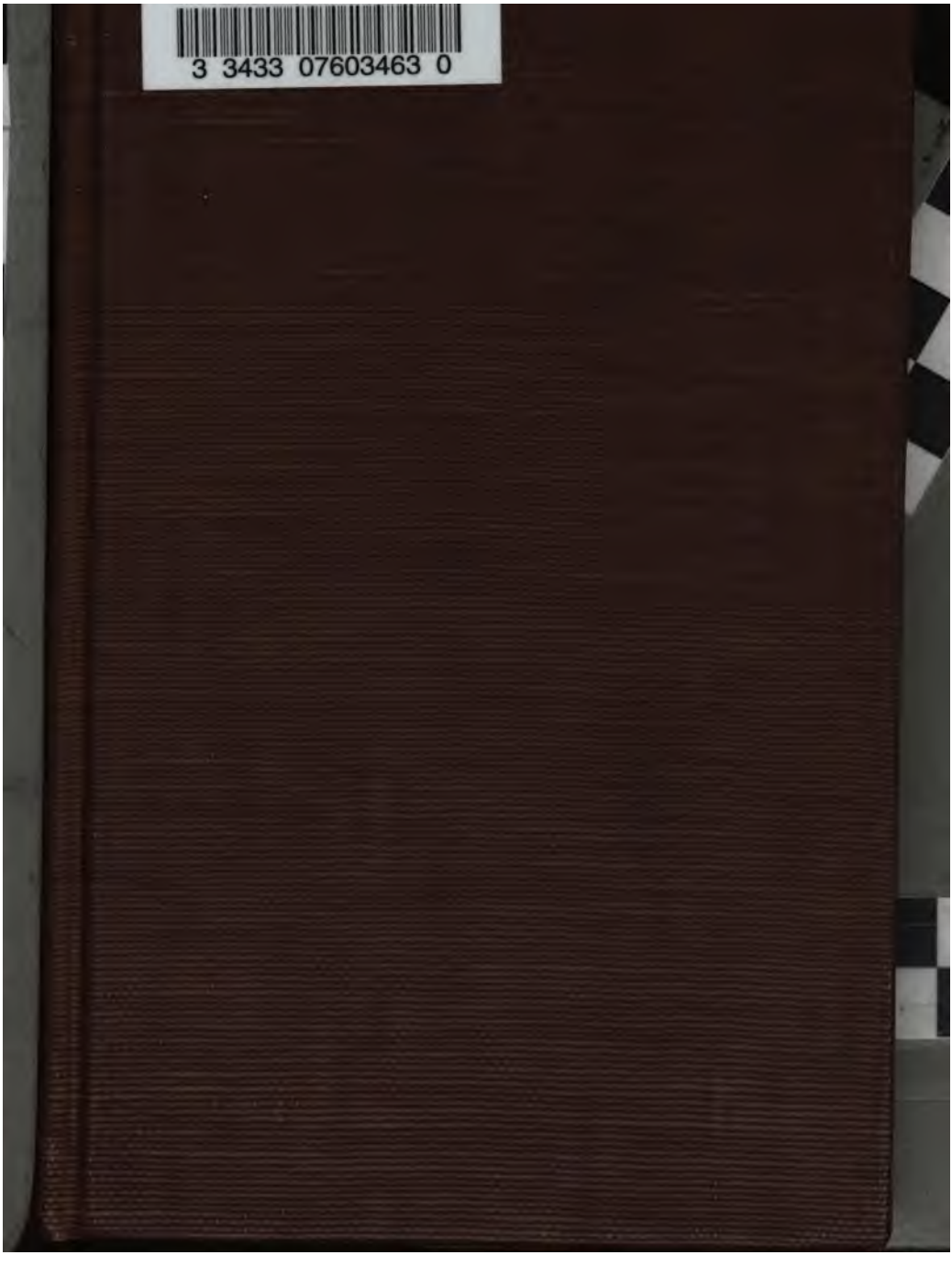
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Gordon L. Ford

CHILD OF THE SEA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "RECORDS OF THE HEART," ETC., ETC.

NEW-YORK:
GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY,
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TO

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ESQ.,

These Poems are Inscribed,

WITH TRUE RESPECT FOR HIS GENIUS,

AND THE PURITY OF HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

CHARACTER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
) OF THE SEA,	7
LLE; OR, THE BROKEN HEART,	105
	149
UNMASKED,	151
)LA,	153
BELEAGUERED HEART,	156
STUDY,	159
IT JOYS,	160
POET,	161
Y,	162
CORINNE,	164
INT OF LA VEGA,	168
DEAD,	173
ANGELS,	174
BARD,	175
CK OF THE CUTTER,	177

Child of the Sea.

CHILD OF THE SEA.

CANTO I.

Pascomi di dolor.—Petrarch.

ST. MORA—THE ARRIVAL—THE LOVE—THE DISCOVERY—THE FLIGHT.

I.

Where blooms the myrtle and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air;
Where the sad Bird of Night for ever sings
Meet anthems for the Children of Despair,
Who silently, with wild dishevelled hair,
Stray through those valleys of perpetual bloom;
Where hideous War and Murder from their lair,
Stalk forth in awful and terrific gloom;
Rapine and Vice disport on Glory's gilded tomb:

II.

My fancy pensive pictures youthful Love,
Ill-starred, yet trustful, truthful, and sublime,
As ever Angels chronicled above—
The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime—
Virtue's reward—the punishment of Crime—
The dark inscrutable decrees of Fate—
Despair, unt[redacted]before in prose or rhyme;
The wrong, the agony, the sleepless hate,
That mad the soul and make the bosom desolate.

III.

Reluctantly the summer sun declines,
Fond ling'ring over Andalusia's[1] shrines,
As he would gladly there awake, erewhile,
The pulse of Beauty with his parting smile,
And bid good night to her array of yore—
The glory of the gallant Campeador.
But low behind the snows of Cintra's steep,
Ungreeted, pensive, he must sink to sleep,

To rise and set, and rise till end of Time,
To mourn o'er thee, degenerating Clime!
Fresh blows the breeze on TARICK'S[2] burnished bay—
The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray—
The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar;
And many a bark and gallant vessel sweep
Remorseless o'er the mournful Moslem's sleep;[3]
And NELSON'S spirit hovers o'er the wa[illegible]
Where bled the mighty and repose the brave.
The sentry peal salutes the setting sun—
The haven's hum and busy din are done—
And weary sailors roam along the strand,
Or stretch their brawny limbs upon the sand—
Feast—revel—game—engage in sage dispute—
Unthread the story—sound the tuneful lute;
Or humming some rude air that stirs the heart,
Clue up the sails, or spread them to depart.

IV.

And there, between two cliffs that shield the horde
From hostile eyes, the Pirate's bark is moored.
Along her deck recline the Spaniard hoar,
The turbaned Turk, the Greek, and dusky Moor;
The olive children of the Indian sea,
And the still fiercer sons of Araby.
Some on the dusky wings of slumber roam
To the sweet haunts and blissful bowers of home,—
Implore forgiveness on a mother's breast,
And in the sacred vales of Childhood rest;
Some wander back to Scio's palmy Isle,
Some to the distant regions of the Nile,
To bask anew in Beauty's light divine,
And seek forgetfulness at Cupid's shrine:
Some sing—some weep—some tell dark tales of blood—
Recount the deeds and dangers of the flood—
Some broken curses with their mutterings blend—
Some shrinking back, with ghastly foes contend—
And some, whose spirits Crime no more can steep,
Lie hushed in the oblivious world of Sleep,

That rayless realm where Fancy never beams—
That nothingness beyond the Land of Dreams.
Oh! who could look upon those sons of Sin,
Who hear their moans when Conscience speaks within,
Who gaze upon each wo-distorted face,
While the dark soul reviews its guilty race,
Whate'er the degradation it reveal,
And for their fate no pain, no pity feel!
Shouldst thou behold, with cold averte[redacted]
Such wretchedness, meek, gentle Piety?
Should glittering Pelf, and Pride, and lofty Birth,
Alone thy holy cognizance be worth?
Shouldst thou pass by the humble house of Grief,
And enter not to minister relief?
Shouldst thou pause smiling at the rich man's door,
And coldly glance the shivering beggar o'er?
Shouldst thou not soothing balm to him impart,
And be a surgeon to the broken heart,
Bleeding and crushed by Sorrow's bitter stripes?
Oh CHRIST! have mercy on thy modern types!
'Tis not the fav'rite ones of Fortune here,
And Hope, and Love, and Mirth, that claim thy tear,

Thy sympathy, thy smile, thy care, ah no!
But those pale victims of relentless Wo,
And Want, and Wrong, whom Pride hath doomed to flee,
And herd with Guilt, or hug their Misery,
In silent grief, till Death shall set them free.
Their woes, their crimes, perchance, are not their own—
Few seek, at first, the downward path alone—
Alas! how many children[5] of this earth,
Look back and [redacted] the authors of their birth—
Those who first lured their steps to Ruin's brink,
Then left them there, alone—dismayed—aghast to sink!

V.

Where is their leader? On the rock-built height,
Standing, he feeds on vacancy his sight.
On his high brow and glossy locks of jet,
The cap that decks the noble Greek is set;
Folded his arms across his sable vest,
As if to keep the heart within his breast.
Lone are the thoughts that crowd upon his mind,
And vainly strive in speech a vent to find;

They writhe, they chafe, against restraint rebel,
Then powerless shrink within their silent cell.
His bosom pines for what it never knew—
Some soft fair being to its beating true—
A loveliness round which the Soul may cling,
When o'er it Life's fierce storms are battering.
Oh! who shall tell what loneliness the heart
Feels, when stern Fate hath rent all ties apart,
That draw or bind it to its fellow kin
Save sympathy, which it may never find?
'Tis as a ship with cable rent in twain,
And floating, drifting on the merciless main,
Of every veering wind and wave, the sport,
And clinging to fleet phantoms for support.
To man he never wakes his inward grief,
Nor asks, of human sympathy, relief:
Along the liquid path he dwells alone,
On land he seeks companionship with none,
His orders given, he lingers by the streams,
Pond'ring on incommunicable themes;
Or climbs the mountain to its utmost height,
To feed on Nature's charms his raptured sight.

VI.

He is not what he seems; the guilty breast—
The dismal dream—the murderer's unrest,
Are not his. Born to rank and high estate;
Reft of these titles, helpless, desolate—
Within its clay-built prison mewed his soul,
That pants and pines for Love and Glory's goal;
No country, kin, [redacted] hand but Heaven's to guide
His pensive steps along Life's dang'rous tide;
A wanderer in every land and clime—
Doomed to companionship of blackest Crime—
Marvel, ye gay ones, that he loves, apart
From all, to hold communion with his heart;
That in his desolate breast he nurses Hate,
And heaps foul curses on relentless Fate?
Had he the smiles of fickle Fortune won,
He might have been Fame's proudest, brightest son;
For he was Genius' child, by Sorrow nursed—
And by irrevocable Fate accursed.

VII.

As fades from Earth the last soft smile of Day,
He turns his melancholy steps away,
With eyes bent down, across the VEGA strides,
Nor notes the Fawn that tamely by him glides,
The Violets lifting up their azure eyes,
Like timid Virgins when Love's steps surprise;
His heavy heart forebodes some dang[redacted]ar,
And throbs alternately with joy and fear:
Perchance 'tis Love—many have felt the flame,
At the mere mention of a lovely name.
That Spanish maid, of whom GONZALO spoke
On HELLAS' seas, his bosom's fires awoke.
Her Beauty ever on his Fancy teems,
Her fairy image fills his nightly dreams,
Making the world of Sleep so pure, so bright,
He loathes the morn that puts the spell to flight.
At last beside Saint MORA'S gate he stands,
Admittance with a trembling heart demands.
Thence comes the tinklings of a soft guitar,
A low sweet voice the breezes waft afar.

Again he knocks—again—and now appears
A bowing slave, and dissipates his fears;
Leads him along a spacious hall, and soon
Conducts him to an elegant saloon;
Points to a seat; and with obsequious air,
Hastens to call unconscious Beauty there.

VIII.

Now smiling, gentle, timid as the dove;
Fair, fresh as flower just culled from vernal grove;
Her long, loose, sable tresses flowing back
Over her marble neck and bodice black;
Crossed on her softly throbbing breast her hands,
Before the youth GONZALO's daughter stands.
Oh Beauty! who can paint thy magic charm
Upon the heart that glows all fresh and warm?
Man may resign the pen, and well eschew
What Angels never would attempt to do.
Thy smile is light from Heaven's bright Censer sent,
To clothe the forms for those blest regions meant—
Thy sway, in either world, omnipotent!

"Lady, a message from thy sire I bear;
This golden casket and this jewel fair,
He bade me, should I ever reach this land,
To place in his beloved MYNÉRA'S hand;
To tell her, ere the Summer blossoms fall,
He will rejoin her in St. MORA'S hall.
We met, it matters little when, or where,
That he bestowed on me a father's care—
Attentions which the lonely heart engage—
The counsels wayward Youth requires of Age;
And, when we parted on the Grecian strand,
He for the NILE, and I to guide his band,
And gallant Cruiser to the Spanish land,
He bade me seek this hospitable dome—
And here await his coming o'er the foam!"

"I JOY to hear this news so long denied,
Most welcome here, Young Stranger," she replied;
"Rest thee, until the menials hither bring,
Fruits, wines, and viands for thy banqueting."
The feast is o'er—and radiant as a star,
The smiling maiden sweeps the gay guitar,

And trills the song, till Music's heavenly power
Enchants the guest, and charms the list'ning hour;
The while he cheerful converse strives to hold
Of PAYNIM legends, fairy tales of old,
Battles and feats upon the wave and wold;
But well the maid discerns his restlessness,
And bids him, ere 'tis late, the pillow press.

IX.

SLEEP[6] chains the Earth: the bright stars glide on high,
Filling with one effulgent smile the sky;
And all is hushed so still, so silent there,
That one might hear an Angel wing the air—
And where is ZAMEN? are his slumbers sweet,
Calm, renovating, in this fair retreat?
Have Beauty's smile, and tranquilizing light,
Mute, moaning Melancholy put to flight,
And changed his bosom from a murky Hell,
To an abode where Love and Peace may dwell!
Ah, no! it only shows the Ruin there,
Like sunshine falling on a sepulchre!

There is a resurrection of the Heart,
When from its vivifying ashes start
Its consecrated Dead—Hope, Love, Joy, Dole,
Grief-laden, circumambiate the soul;—
An hour, when Time's dim veil aside is cast,
And we relieve the silent, solemn Past.
'Tis such with ZAMEN; on his couch he rolls,
Wrings his thin hands, but louder grief controls;
Until his heart heaves like the surging sea,—
Then to his feet he springs bewilderedly—
Snatches his blade—with soft step steals below,
To midnight phantoms to proclaim his wo;
Paces adown the lawn, and dewy grove,
Dwelling on Beauty, Innocence, and Love—
Reaches the beach—peers o'er the precipice,
Where sleeps his vessel on the dark abyss;
Then turns away, as from a pest whose breath
Is fatal poison, and whose touch is death.
Upon a rock that juts above the sea,
Pale, chilled, reclines in gloomy revery.
'Twere hard to fathom all his bosom feels—
The breast thus lacerated never heals.

He dwells on what he might be—all he seems—
The blasted mind—the pangs of thwarted schemes—
The wrongs that leave the Spirit desolate,
Then raises his clenched hands, and curses Fate.
His eye perambulates from star to star—
Follows the comet's silent course afar—
Oh! that his Spirit might as swift and free,
Wing its still flight into Eternity;
And thus elude the wo, and want, and dearth,
That aye await the lonely Child of Earth!
Oh! that it now could break its bonds of clay,
With one fair Seraph heavènward flee away!
"Thou beauteous Spirit! blissful, guardian power!
That smilest on me in this dreary hour!
My fair ILLUMÈ! heavenly guiding ray!
To my lone steps along Life's desert way
Oh! with eternal powers of Peace and Love,
Plead for my speedy flight to realms above!
Beauty angelical! MYNERA fair!
Thy smile hath lit the depth of my despair,
As morn illumes the night—I'd call thee mine,
Yet feel this bosom an unholy shrine,

For the sweet worship of thy vestal heart;
I'd gladly fly, but have no power to part;—
I can but bare this breast to Fate's relentless dart!"
Thus silent converse with himself he holds,
Till Morn her golden drapery unfolds,
Then pale, and dripping with the briny spray,
Slowly along the vale he wends his way—
Reaches the castle gate—regains the tower—
Ascends, and courts Repose at dawning hour.

X.

Days speed apace: still Zamen lingers there,
At times well nigh forgetting his despair
In Beauty's smile, that hourly beams more bright,
And sheds upon his heart a holier light.
With her he wanders in pursuit of flowers,
O'er blooming meads, through vales, and spicy bowers,
Beneath the smiling moon, and vesper star,
Listens to her soft love-attuned guitar;
Or charmed, amid the woodland warbling roves,
By murmuring streams, or through low whispering groves,

Drinking her feeblest word, her faintest sigh,
As softest notes of heavenly harmony.
Oh Love! eternal, omnipresent power!
Supreme in lowly hut, or royal bower!
Thou art Life's polar star—a holy ray,
Sent here, to lure the Soul from Sin away—
The Mecca of the Heart, where all must kneel,
And their bright dreams and burning thoughts reveal—
The Cynosure of Hope—Ambition's goal—
A never dying halo circling round the Soul!
Aye, what below can equal that sweet hour
In man's existence, when thy magic power
First takes its full possession of his heart,
When every other wish, hope, thought depart,
Leaving him in the universe alone,
To think, to dote, to gaze on only one,
Whose being with his being is entwined
Into one lovely tissue, heaven enshrined!
Such joy on Earth he only once can know,
Once only can Love's fire so purely glow;
If dimmed, by all the Wizard's subtle art,
And all that his enchanted drugs impart,

e may essay to vivify the flame,
ut it will never—never burn the same!

XI.

OL from the Earth withdraws his latest ray,
ale DIAN pensive glides her starry way,
down the groves and dewy vales afar
inkles the serenader's soft guitar:
nd by the lattice stand that youthful pair,
AMEN depressed, MYNERA bland and fair,
nd gazing in his face, as she would smile
way the clouds that gather there the while.
She dries the tears that trickle down his cheek,
And strives to cheer with counsels mild and meek;
Lastly, to soothe his mental agony,
Leads him into an ancient library,
Where ponderous pictures stare from the old walls,
Hoar statues totter on their pedestals,
Gems, diamonds, corals from the Indian sea,
Topaz and pearls, glitter promiscuously;

Jewels, that kingly halls, perchance, had decked,
Old rusty armor Time hath nearly wrecked,
Strange shapen shells, worm-eaten books in rows,
Upon the dusky architraves repose.
O'er these he glances with a vacant eye,
Nor cares he much to learn their history,
Farther than courtesy compels a view
Of such of them as Beauty points him to;
But round on all, with neither blame nor praise,
Directs his listless, melancholy gaze.
From niche to niche, from shelf to shelf she glides,
Explaining whatsoever there abides;
Blades, helmets, shields; from what fair island they
Were brought; who wielded them in happier day;
Raises at length a drapery of lace,
Veiling beneath its folds a sainted face—
Aghast he starts—he stares—he scans it o'er—
Faint, shudd'ring, stagg'ring, falls insensate to the floo

She shrieks—she flies—she bends above his form—
Raises his head upon her slender arm—

Chafes his cold pallid brow—essays in vain
To woo his gentle spirit back again.
The startled menials haste to her relief—
Some bear him to a couch—some soothe her grief—
For water some—for cordials others fly—
Submissively her every wish supply.

XII.

At last his pulses throb, faint life returns,
But in his brain delirium fiercely burns:
He heeds not that fair maid, her tender cares,
Her solemn sighs, her silent streaming tears,
Her more than woman's soft solicitude,
To soothe his spirit in its frantic mood;
But through the thoughtless realms of chaos raves;
Some phantom shallop guides amid the waves,—
For father—mother—water—wildly shrieks—
Of some dark deed—and sleepless Vengeance speaks.

XIII.

At last the clouds roll back—a bright beam breaks
Upon his soul—Reason again awakes—
And full upon that maid his large eyes beam;
But not as they had shone in Love's wild dream
Of fervent hope, ah! no! far different now,
He gazes on that pensive, pallid brow!
Long, earnestly he peers in that young face,
As there some secret hidden deep to trace:
"Oh Heaven! oh Fate! oh unpropitious stroke!
That my distracted mind to sense awoke!
Oh God! Mynera! loveliest to my view!
Bright angel of my heart! and art thou too
The Offspring of a Fiend? accursed below!
The Child of Sin! th' inheritor of wo!
My cloak—my sabre—quick—away—away—
From pangs of hell I fly——"
"Oh Zamen, stay!
My cries—my prayers—my supplications hear—
In thy affliction much thou need'st my care—

ly smile—my song—to cheer thy weary hours—
ly hand to cull for thee the morning flowers—
cannot longer live if thou depart—
ly friend—life of my life—light of my heart—
h! bid me not, thus suddenly, farewell!"
obbing—half swooning, on his breast she fell.

Ye Powers! that rule the destinies of men!
y some swift blow obliterate my pain!
ly brain is maddened with revengeful ire,
ly heart encompassed by the scorpion's fire.
ngel of Beauty! Virtue deified
n Earth! yet not to earthly things allied!
hou art too beautiful for mortal touch—
or this vile orb Heaven ne'er created such!
Thou art the fair Redeemer of my heart,
All sinful thoughts thy presence bade depart—
Heaven cannot fathom all my love for thee—
'Tis pure—'tis boundless as Eternity!
How can I wrench thee from this bosom now!
How live, and gaze the last on thy pale brow!

How bear the stroke that rends our destiny!
Oh! that it might be all unknown to thee!
That thou might'st never wake to this adieu!
But no! thy young heart must be broken too!
Mynera! fairest, dearest maid, awake!
Summon thy courage for thy brother's sake!
'Twas my fair Mother's face that made me mad—
Thy smile is all that now can soothe or glad!"
Saying, her form he to the cushion bore—
Pressed her pale lips—then sought the stormy shore.

XIV.

Over the hills, and steeps, and blooming meads,
Beneath the myrtle and the yew he speeds;
Now by the crags, then by each pendent bough,
Steadies his steps adown the mountain brow;
Nor casts one look behind upon that dome,
That crowns the hill and overlooks the foam,
Where all he loves on Earth, or yearns for, dwells,
But whence stern Fate now every thought repels,

no! of her 'twere madness, death to think!
on he flies, now pauses on the brink,
, oh! how changed! in mien, and mind, and mood,
:e first on that wild precipice he stood!
ıousand years of agony and grief
're been collected in that period brief.
e he had felt prepared to meet the shock,
n and unshaken as the mountain rock;
little do we know how we may bend
eath the storm till on us it descend:
den he starts—glides down the craggy steep,
ng a secret path that meets the Deep—
ches the verge—leaps down upon the Bark,
ıt noiseless sleeps among the shadows dark—
h hasty, soundless step his cabin seeks;
to the slumbering Outlaws nods, or speaks,
ıs on his crimson couch, so long unsought,
l floats along the phantom-stream of Thought.

XV.

! what is there in all this cheerless life!
ıat pang, in her dark catalogue of strife!

Like that we feel, when in we turn our eyes
Upon the heart that paralytic lies,
So cold, so dead, all antidotes seem vain
To rouse it into feeling warm again!
What like that dizzy sickness of the Soul,
Becalmed on Life's dead wave without a goal—
No drop to cool its thirstings of despair—
No breath to stir the pestilential air—
No fanning breeze its stagnant Bark to move—
No Haven below—no Beacon Star above.

XVI.

Frail as a leaf rude winds to Earth have blown—
Pale as a statue from its base o'erthrown—
Cold as the corse in its sepulchral clay—
Stretched on that long deserted couch he lay.
"'Tis o'er! I stagger on the verge of Fate!
I would not be a Murderer! yet Hate,
Injustice, Wrong, demand a Murderer's blood:
I shrink from him I've sought on land and flood,
From the Antarctic to the Boreal plains;
Love hath drunk up the Courage of my veins—

A Parricide! no, no, I must retreat—
My Soul such adversary shrinks to meet;—
Mynera is my Sister,—I will fly,
And seek another fate—another sky—
From Madness—and from gnawing Sorrow flee—
And scourge the Souls of men—as they've scourged me!
But what invisible power enchains me here?
Some soft upbraiding voice falls on my ear;
'Tis not these Outlaws' accents that I hear!
They sleep! how heavily they breathe, sob, sigh—
They were not made for such a destiny!
I've heard, with tears, each tell his tale, his deeds—
Upon Life's sea, they were the cast off reeds!
Ill-fated men! sleep yields to them no rest—
They feel the tortures of the guilty breast!
I led them here to please their Leader's mood—
But who again shall guide them o'er the flood!
Gonzalo they may never see again—
I never more may sail the genial main!"
Thus inwardly he conned his sorrows o'er,
Arose, and strode along the cabin floor.

A narrow Casket from the drapery drew—
Burst from the cabin—sought the shore anew.

XVII.

Slowly and sad along the beach he goes;
Ah! where below for him is now repose!
The past all dark, the future all unknown,
Hope, Love, Protection, Reason, Courage flown;
By all the miseries of the accursed, oppressed,
Where shall he lay his weary head to rest!
Where find forgetfulness, a friend, a home!
How meet Gonzalo—how his coming doom!
Thus holding converse with himself, he hies
Onward, with pallid brow and downcast eyes,
Exhausted, sinks at last upon a rock,
Nor seeks to shun the rattling thunder's shock—
Ah, no! for there are times when the sick Soul
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to Fate, or to what haven
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

CANTO II.

Lasciato, morte! senza Sòl il mondo,
Oscuro e fréddo, amor cieco ed inerme.

PETRARCH, *Sonnet XCI.*

THE ARRIVAL—THE MEETING—THE COMBAT—THE DEATH.

I.

Oh Sorrow! where on Earth hast thou not sped
Thy fatal arrows! on what lovely head
Hast thou not poured, alas! thy bitter phial,
And cast some shadow on the Spirit's dial!
Why, why, hast thou selected Woman's heart,
To be the mark for thy unerring dart?
It is too sweet, too lovely, pure a thing,
To feel the smart of thy envenomed sting—
But Eve first drained thy cup in Paradise—
And well her Daughters pay th' irrevocable price!

II.

'Tis sad to see the Tempest's withering breath
Leave on the Rose the first wan hues of Death;
'Tis sad to see the glowing Rainbow die,
A paling Star expiring in the sky;
But sadder far, alas! to see depart,
The light and life of lovely Woman's heart!
Cold as the chill that wraps the slumb'ring dead—
Pale as the hues their features overspread;
Still on that couch the swooning Maiden lies,
The hot tears oozing from her swollen eyes,
And standing on her cheeks, as on white flowers,
The clear drops linger after vernal showers;
The Dahlias leaning from the golden vase,
Peer pensively upon her pallid face,
While the sweet Songster o'er the oaken door
Looks through his grate, and warbles, "weep no more
Maiden, awake! thy Lover seeks the shore!"

III.

She wakes, she rises—round th' apartment dim
Gazes in wild bewilderment for him—

ings from her forehead her long raven hair—
raws the white vesture o'er her bosom fair—
lies to the lattice—on the valley gazes,
ıst as Aurora her soft curtain raises—
ZAMEN, dear ZAMEN!" tenderly, she cries,
ut only the hoarse Thunder's voice replies;
hen pressing her full heart, too full for speech,
ıe turns, descends, and seeks the stormy beach;
ıces the strand amidst the dashing wave,
'an, wet, as Naiad risen from her cave.
ɔ coming or departing Bark she spies,
ɔ distant sail salutes her eager eyes;
pon the sand the Breakers heave perforce,
ɔlinters and cordage, and a ghastly corse.
ıe shrieks—she starts—upon her Lover calls—
mid the salt surf sinking, senseless falls.
ıt Beauty hath the power to charm the Waves,
nd send them harmless backward to their caves;
hey only softly lave her forehead fair,
ightly besprinkle her long raven hair,
nd then receding with a howling hiss,
ıbmerge themselves into the dark abyss.

IV.

She rises, gazes through the mist in vain,
For him who sleeps again beneath the main,
Stands pallid, breathless, hopeless of relief,
Like Niobe, struck dumb by sudden grief;
Then sobbing, as if every heart-string broke,
Slowly returns beneath the pitying Oak,
By craggy brink, through vocal Vale and Grove,
Humming these melancholy notes of Love.

Mynera's Song.

I.

He is gone, he is gone—beneath the sea,
Afar, far down he is sleeping;
Beside him mermaids heedlessly
Their watery watch are keeping.

II.

He is gone, he is gone to Spirit spheres,
His mystery unspoken—
Oh! I can never stanch these tears—
My heart—my heart is broken!

III.

Upon this lonely breast will dawn
Never a bright to-morrow—
Sure Heaven hath sent a Spirit down
To whelm my Soul in sorrow.

IV.

He is gone, he is gone—Oh Misery!
The chill waves howl about him—
There's nothing now to smile on me—
I cannot live without him!

V.

No, I will go, and sleep beneath
The billow o'er him swelling—
I'd rather be with him in death,
Than on the lone Earth dwelling.

Thus, sad as Lute o'er which Despair hath flung
A sudden spell, the Maiden sobbing sung—
Regained the Castle—on the cushions leant—
Exhausted, pale, with hopeless sorrow faint,
And, as disconsolately there she slept,
From th' unhushed fountains of her heart, she wept.

V.

Oh! who could look upon that Maiden's grief,
And feel no yearning for her swift relief!
Who, that has felt and suffered, does not know
There is no perfect antidote for Wo!
We lock up Sorrow in the bosom's core—
Hug it, and smile as brightly as before;
So Earth o'er her volcanic fire recloses—
Calmness again upon her breast reposes,
While scoriac streams from every artery dart—
And one red boiling Hell consumes her heart.
Who, who could look on those long locks unbound,
Flowing in sable masses to the ground;
Survey that ashy cheek, so lately bright,
And fresh as vernal rose at morning light;
The tear that upward swells from lava tides,
And down her burning temples slowly glides;
Who, hear the throbbings of that heavy heart,
Through those pale lips unconsciously apart;
And feel not that a dangerous thing is Love,
And Beauty's but a sunbeam from above,

Sent down to 'lume Earth's purest, fairest forms,
And disappear amid her chilling storms!

With him, in dream, she walks the sunny vale—
With him she gathers flowers from hill and dale—
With him she listens to the tuneful birds—
With him she drinks the Wizard's magic words—
With him she gazes on the vesper star—
Touches the harp, or sings to the guitar.
Again she hears his melancholy sigh—
His sob—his long wild shriek of agony—
Again she strives his frenzy to allay—
Smooths his pale brow, and wipes the tears away,
That through his long dark lashes oozing stray.

VI.

There is a sail—"It is the Pirate's ship—
Gonzalo!"—bursts from many a sailor's lip;
"Our Birds must feel the talons of the Hawk—
Blood now be spilt on Tarick's hoary rock—

Of all the Renegades of Land, or Main,
None strike such terror to the heart of Spain.
'Tis said, his Daughter in St. Mora smiles,
And lures him homeward from the Grecian Isles."
The Bark draws nigh—her white wings flutter free,
And waft her like a falcon o'er the sea.
At last, they glide beneath the shelt'ring cliff—
The anchor drop—and lower the thirsty skiff—
With flashing oars their Chief convey to land,
Who pausing, gives to them some brief command,
Then bends his steps where gleams Mynera's tower—
The promised rest for many a weary hour.
"Oh! is she there?" he thonght; "Is her eye bright—
Her bosom artless—and her spirit light,
As when two Summers gone, I pressed her cheek,
Then crossed the wave to scourge the haughty Greek?"
He knows not why, but as he cons the past,
His heart forebodes this hour will be his last,
That Fate has lured him from the Grecian sky,
And Pirate's Isle, in Mora's halls to die;
Never before he scanned so deep or long
His guilty breast, or dwelt so much on wrong:

He groaned aloud, and started at the sound
Of his own hollow voice, and glanced around;
Then kept his way, fixed, gazing on the ground.
He passed the gate—a dim light in the tower
Was all that cheered the lonely twilight hour:
No gay guitar, as erst, was tinkling there,
No soft sweet voice flowed out on the still air,
No smiling Maiden came to clasp his hand,
And welcome him to the Hesperian land.
He gained the portal—stood within the hall—
And slow the menials hearken to his call—
Little his will, or need, they seek to know—
Short are their answers—and their movements slow;
At last, they gather round and tell in brief,
Weeping the while, MYNERA'S hopeless grief;
The Love and Madness of the truant Youth—
And to the sequel add their ceaseless ruth.
He spake no words—he passed the corridor—
Reached th' apartment—lightly tapped the door—
Entered—approached—and stood with folded arms,
Surveying Beauty's soft, disheveled charms.

To her his bosom's holiest feelings clung:
Her loveliness o'er him a spell had flung;
And in the mirror of her purity,
He first had seen his soul's dark perfidy.
However foul or fell the Spirit be,
It still clings to some guiding Deity;—
And he, shut out from Heaven, had clung to her,
As, to his idol, clings the PAYNIM worshiper.
To her alone in danger's hour he prayed—
She calmed the tempest, and the storm allayed—
Guided him safe—Oh, lovely Innocence!
Thy power outweighs a throne's omnipotence—
All laws of Earth—"MYNERA! my fair Child!—
MYNERA!" last he said, in accents mild—
She dreams—what voice upon her rapt ear rings!—
She starts—she flies—she to his bosom springs—
Buries her face upon his heaving breast,
Like frighted dove by falcon closely pressed.
It was a sight to melt the sternest heart,
And from it bid all lingering Hate depart;
Tears that his eyes had never wept before,
Adown his furrowed features fast did pour;

: raised his trembling hand to Heaven in prayer,
ıen dropped it, as if Mercy dwelt not there,
ıd he had been forbid that boon to ask,
: that blest shrine his bosom to unmask.—
ı! who can paint the pangs the guilty feel,
'hen Heaven and Earth withdraw from them all weal,
ıd leave them on the sea of Life to drift,
to Perdition's dark oblivious rift!

testrain thy tears, my Child, dry, dry thine eyes;
ch grief becomes not Beauty," last he sighs;
ıad things the vassals tell me of this Youth;
thy affection, and thy bitter ruth,
hich pain me much—I had not thought to find,
bmerged in grief, thy heart and gentle mind.
.MEN I found be-wrecked; him snatched from Death,
'ith five, who gave that Tyrant soon their breath;
ıd as we o'er the genial waters flew,
ıd he in strength and vigorous manhood grew,
is melancholy mien my pity won,—
ıd soon, I loved him as a cherished son.

To him I praised the beauties of thy face,
Thy purity, thy loveliness, thy grace,
Until thou didst become his Deity—
The Star on which he gazed eternally;
I ne'er divined that Love could fill a heart
So wholly, and before he did depart,
Hither my Spanish Cruiser to command,
I pledged to him thy heart and fairy hand,
And bade him bring thee STAMBOUL'S brighest pear
To seal this vow, and bind thy raven curls;
Methought to find thy heart all cheerfulness,
On thy sweet lips the sunny smile of bliss,
Shortly to see my bosom's treasured pride,
ST. MORA'S beautiful, bright, blooming Bride—
Oh! smile again, my dearest, take new cheer—
By Heaven! this freak shall cost thy Lover dear!
Grasping his blade, he said, in tones severe.

"Oh, hear his fate! oh, save him from the deep!
Or in its cold embrace I too will sleep!
The Youth was mad—he saw ILLUMÈ'S face—
And then—I have not heart the tale to trace—

hat do I see? Oh, God! he lives! oh, yes!
› comes! Oh, Zamen—Zamen—all is bliss!"
e shrieked—she flew—with more than mortal charms,
nk, sobbing, swooning, in his trembling arms.
› spoke not—paused not—turned not his fierce eye,
›on Gonzalo, frowning, shivering nigh;
ıtil he bore away the fainting Maid,
ıd her attendants summoned to her aid.

VII.

'ILL stands Gonzalo, breathless, speechless, wan;
ıe conduct of his guest with awe doth scan,
et, not without some bodings of the truth
'hence comes this wo; and who may be this Youth:
he horrid secret rushes on his soul,
nd shakes his feeble frame beyond control,
lore deadly pangs than follow barbéd dart,
ends, scathing, searing through his shiv'ring heart.
\gain he sees his Boy of tender years;
\gain he sees his cheek bedewed with tears;

Again he meets his fierce upbraiding eye,
Flashing with hate and just malignity;
Again he hears ILLUMÈ's frantic prayer—
Her long, wild shriek of madness and despair;
Again he leads them to the vessel's side;
Again he thrusts them on the merciless Tide—
Hears their wild cries above the billows sound.
The Spectres of his victims gather round,
Hissing, like startled serpents, in his ear;
Cold through his heart's core creeps the chill of fear—
Oh! that some never-weary wing were given,
That he might flee th' eternal wrath of Heaven!
Oh! for Oblivion! for some soundless deep,
Where Guilt might never haunt his dreamless sleep!

VIII.

ONCE Earth could yield to him no sacred joy—
Pelf was his God—and Human Life his toy.
His dark unbridled passions knew no pause,
But trampled down, alike, Love, Kindred, Laws,

'ill, like that Monarch of the Orient clime,
e mourned for some unconquered field of Crime;
ıt keen Remorse, and that stern chastener, Age,
ave modified his Courage, and his Rage,
nd rather than to meet this ruthless foe,
'hom he had never deemed to greet below,
is blade within his breast he would have hid,
ıt ZAMEN'S swift returning steps forbid,
nd warn him, though already doubly cursed,
e now must stand his ground and know the worst.
h, Crime! thou may'st escape the laws of Earth;
:ay'st trample on the hearts of Love and Worth;
nbrue thy hideous hands in human blood
emorselessly, as in the limpid flood;
he priceless mines of Ophir may'st unfold,
nd clothe thy ghastly form in glowing gold—
'he brightest gems from coral caves upcast,—
ut Heaven's avenging hand will seek thee out at last!

IX.

Now face to face they stand—eye bent on eye—
In deep, defying, searching scrutiny,

As stand two tigers in their silent rage,
Before that they in deadly strife engage.
The pent breath hisses through their clenchéd teeth;
High, flashing, leaps each sabre from its sheath—
"Ungrateful Youth!" at last GONZALO said,
"Rash miscreant! put up thy harmless blade!
I can o'erlook this insolence most black,
Since it is offered by a maniac!
Your bearing, sir, is fraught with mystery,
That ill repays my hospitality—
The cordial courtesy extended thee."

"There is no mystery now!" replied the Youth;
"Thy hideous gaze reveals the frightful truth—
I see it all—it is no fancied dream—
I've met before thine eye's relentless gleam:
Thy blade is thirsty, and no doubt would drain
These scanty drops of life, that still remain;
Yet, Outlaw! fearlessly, I utter here,
Thou art a Coward—Villain—Murderer!"
ZAMEN rejoined, stepped back, and firmly stood,
Prepared to meet his fierce opponent's mood.

ard they spring—their gleaming blades are crossed—
'ords are spoken—and no moments lost;
ned every nerve—steel clashing loud on steel,
nd and round in deadly strife they wheel—
falls to Earth the veteran's bloodless blade—
backward shrinks—disarmed—aghast—dismayed.

ıold thy weapon!" said the breathless Youth—
ıtrain thy rage—prepare to hear the truth—
ever foul—false—fiendful be thy heart—
ess thy bosom—lawless—do not start!
ıugh thy crimes have baffled Hell to damn—
of thy bone—flesh of thy flesh I am!"

ıu art a subtle serpent, that hast wound,
ıasest purposes, thy folds around
eart—a Wanderer—that com'st to claim
'ights of birth, for shelter and a name!"

ıu fain wouldst thus appease thy soul begirt
ıorpions, and impending wrath avert;
if one contrite drop is in thy heart,
'ring it out, ere there I plunge my dart.

Forth from that hour thou gav'st me to the wave—
Illumè to the maniac's lonely grave—
Forth from that hour, suspended sense returned,
Quenchless Revenge hath in my bosom burned;
And I have sought thee, over sea and land,
From the New Hebrides to Egypt's strand—
O'er Mecca's plains—where Hellas' mountains drip,
A curse, like serpent, slumb'ring on my lip—
Death in my heart.—Survey this picture—these
Bright eyes—How canst thou, now, their rage appease!
Look at this beauteous brow—this smile divine,
That lit this fairy face ere she was thine!
Behold that Casket! Villain, view it well!
Her dust is there—it threatens thee with Hell!
Oh, God! thou mad'st of me a cannibal!
And I will kill thee—pierce thy heartless breast—
Nay, that were kindness—giving thee quick rest—
I'll let thee live—to stalk the Earth like Cain—
Thy festering heart torn by Promethean pain.
Now, now, I joy to see thy white locks shake—
Thy blood congeal—thy frail limbs, quivering, quake
With fear—thy breath grow hard—Oh, Heaven is just!
And in that justice, aye, I've put my trust!

Avaunt! may howling fiends thy footsteps bay!
May hissing serpents twine thy lonely way!
The streams run dry, when thou wouldst quench thy thirst!
The fruits fall withered from thy lips accursed!"
He said, stepped back, and fixed his withering eye
Upon his foe in stern malignity.

X.

Pale as the corse within its winding sheet—
Cold as the stone beneath his clayey feet—
His lips apart—his eyes upturned, and glazed—
His rigid features set—his thin hands raised,
Gonzalo stood, nor once surveyed his foe,
Nor spake, nor aught around him seemed to know;
A lone tear coursed adown his pallid cheek,
His dying pangs and penitence to speak,
And tell, however deep their crime and shame,
The worst are not all lost to Virtue's claim.
Death touched his heart, and every pulse grew still—
Immovable, and stark, and coldly chill,
As ice that clings around the Boreal Pole;
The last warm spark that played around his soul

Was quenched—Vitality for ever flown—
And like a frigid monument of stone,
Prostrate he fell, a senseless, lifeless clod—
Unwept on Earth—an outcast from his God—
A foe to Virtue—to mankind a curse—
A slave to Crime—the Victim of Remorse.

XI.

Zamen long gazed on that extended corse,
While sighs and sobs escaped his heart perforce.
He touched the brow—'twas wet with Death's cold de
He raised the icy hand—'twas lifeless too—
"Inscrutable thy ways, great God!" he thought,
And turning, mournfully Mynera sought.

CANTO III.

THOU shalt hear all — but if amid the tale
Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse
Aught . . . . ungrateful . . . .
Be patient with the involuntary fault.

MADOC, *Part* III.

ZAMEN'S HISTORY.

I.

eve; that pensive hour serene,
leaven and Earth assume a holier mien;
ner thoughts pervade the troubled breast;
ɜping Sorrow upward looks for rest;
ıeir peaceful paths the planets roll,
thitherward the longing Soul;
hilomela charms the list'ning rill,
pherds tune their pipes upon the hill;

The gentle Mother lulls her babe to rest,
That, like a blossom, smiles upon her breast;
The weary Father greets his prattler's mirth,
Friends, true and tried, assemble round the hearth;
And loving heart responsive beats to heart;
And fond ones steal from vulgar eyes apart;
And Curiosity's imbittering sneer,
To breathe those thoughts that Heaven alone should
The hour, Recording Angels write above,
The prayers of Children, and the vows of Love.

II.

And there within that lonely chamber, late,
The scene of dark Contention, Death, and Hate,
In silence sit that melancholy pair,
She, pale with grief, and he, with long despair.
"Mynera!" Zamen said, "subdue thy wo,
My hapless Fate and Fortune thou must know.
Our lots are equal; sad, and reft, and lone;
We have no hand to guide us but our own;

o one to chide, or cheer, or counsel give—
or Heaven, and for each other, let us live!
y heart was chained by unrelenting Fate,
nd doomed to feed on Sorrow, Wrong, and Hate,
ill thou smiled'st on me—when its fires awoke,
s sparks from steel beneath the hammer's stroke—
y, e'en the mention of thy lovely name,
distant lands, awoke the deathless flame;
nd when I first beheld thy fairy form—
hy smile—thine eyes—a holy, mystic charm
tole o'er my heart, like incense of sweet dew—
nd one brief moment, I was happy—knew
ore loveliness—more purity—more bliss—
han Earth contains, or Saint e'er tasted—yes!
loved thee—worshiped thee—thought—dwelt on thee—
ntil thou didst become a part of me—
oul of my Soul—my guiding Fantasy—
y Glory—but 'tis madness thus to prate—
he dream hath sped—and I am desolate!
hy solitary, wretched Brother."—"How!"——
'Start not, MYNERA, I will tell thee, now!"

III.

Gonzalo was my Sire, alas! the same,
Though, in the Ægean, Medon was his name,
Whom, yesternight, we laid within the tomb—
The wretched Victim of a righteous doom.
He was the terror of the Orient seas;
A scourge among the blooming Cyclades;
And, when too hotly pressed, he sped away,
And furled his blood-red flag in Coron's Bay,
Where, like a flower, Eudori's Daughter smiled—
The pride of Beauty, and Affection's Child;
Whom, under base pretence, alas! he wed;
With her and half her father's riches fled;
Although, the raging Veteran followed near,
Upon his steps, with thirsty blade and spear—
Vassals and Lords, who would have drained his l
Rather than from the cherished Maiden part:
But he escaped, despite their frantic cries,
And efforts to regain the lovely prize.—
What happened thence—or to what shores they
Upon what seas they sailed—I never knew;

nly know, that of this union wild,
vas the Pledge—an ill-starred Ocean-Child!

IV.

is much, when in full sight of Hellas' wold,
y Mother, in my seventh Summer, told.
e sat upon the deck—my hand in hers
y closely folded, and bedewed with tears—
e sad libations of her broken heart—
e Life-drops drawn by Sorrow's burning dart.
Behold yon Vale!" amidst her sobs she cried—
Yon Castle-spire by Coron's dark blue Tide—
ere dwells my Father—there, a happy Child,
nce disported in the breezes mild;
here, loving and beloved, hung on his arm—
t disobedience broke Affection's charm!
h, Allah! Allah! pardon the rash deed,
hat crushed his heart, and made mine own to bleed!
ne Eve, I stood upon yon rocky bank,
Vatching the Wave—and dizzy downward sank—

And knew no more, till dripping with salt spray,
On shore in MEDON's arms, I helpless lay,
With only strength enough to tell him where,
My sinking form with hasty steps to bear.
Him, at the door, my pallid father met,
Folded me to his bosom weak and wet;
Listed the story of the grizzly man,
And bade him share with him his rich divan.
His generous action won EUDORI's heart;
And there, at will he came, and did depart,
Enchaining me in Love's infernal Spell,
Until with him I sought the Friar's cell:
ALLAH! forgive my Youth's unguarded act—
From stern EUDORI's heart Revenge extract!"
She sobbed, as MEDON haughtily drew near,
And bade her, with a cold and withering sneer,
That froze her heart, escape with me below;—
And let him hear no further plaints of Wo.

V.

ALTHOUGH a child, I ne'er forgot that hour—
I felt within my veins a giant's power,

And had her sacred tears not curbed my Ire,
I then had sought the Life-blood of my Sire:
I pondered his harsh treatment o'er and o'er—
I strode along the narrow cabin-floor—
Dark—deep—irrevocable Vengeance swore.
I knelt beside her couch the livelong night—
I watched her pale brow by dim taper light—
I pressed her livid lips—her burning cheek—
I strove the spell of deep despair to break—
But vainly—starkly—senselessly she lay—
Pallid, as wrapped in cold sepulchral clay—
Still lovely—beauteous in her misery—
A jewel sparkling up through the dark sea
Of Sorrow—never in congenial rays
Of unbenighted suns again to blaze.

VI.

Time passed—still darker grew the storm of grief,
And dimmer waned the Star of our relief;
And sterner waxed dark Medon every day,
While, like a flower, my Mother drooped away.

VII.

A WOMAN sailed with us upon the Brine,
Who MEDON held in thrall—a Florentine—
Fair—young—'tis true—alluring—beautiful,
As the white blossoms Persian Maidens cull,
To deck their charms when in the Pacha's hall,—
But oh! how vile is Beauty—void of grace,
When she hath stooped to Vice's foul embrace—
'Tis as the Upas, whose envenomed breath
Enchants the senses, while distilling death—
The subtle serpent, charming to its hold,
Whom it will crush within its fiery fold.

VIII.

TIME passed; and we were prisoners in that room,
Anticipating Hatred's darkest doom;
We heard no voices but the Seaman's cry—
We saw no objects but the sea and sky;

Or at long intervals the Albatros,
Like some ill-boding omen, dart across
Our way; or through the mist a floating sail,
Too distant far, alas! for us to hail;
Or, o'er the Deep, the Grecian coast arise,
Like some green Eden to our longing eyes—
I prayed—I strove to calm my Mother's heart—
Comfort and consolation to impart—
But for our woes we neither found a tongue—
We only closer to each other clung—
Each day, as best we could, our fears allayed—
And upward looked to Heaven alone for aid.

IX.

At last our Tyrant came to set us free,
And doom us to a darker Destiny.
"Follow me to the deck!" he sneering said;
And quickly to the forward gangway led;
Nor other syllable to us he spoke,
But from his eye, the fire of Vengeance broke;—

Already waited there the hardy Crew—
Prepared for whatsoe'er he bade them do;
Though some with sullen gaze their distance kept—
Some sighed—and some as little Children wept;
Yet knew full well they must not interfere;—
Some mingled laughter with our shrieks of fear.
"Get out the boat!" he cried—and it was done—
Beside the Bark the fatal steps let down—
Our road to Death—we shrieked—we clasped his kne
Sobbed—prayed—but he was deaf to all our pleas,
And frowning coldly placed us in that boat—
Thrust it upon the treacherous main afloat,
With bread nor water to prolong our breath—
Naught—naught to save us from a lingering death!

X.

We strained our eyes along that vessel's track,
As if our shrieks and cries could bring her back—
We plied the slender oar—but all in vain—
We never reached that cruel Bark again—

ever again she paused our shrieks to hear—
nd when we caught the last faint glimpse of her,
[y Mother turned her vacant eyes on me,
Vith a loud laugh of wild Insanity!
nd then her listless words—her heavy sighs—
[er maniac shrieks—her sobs—her piteous cries—
)h GOD! oh GOD! across the vale of years,
till, like a knell, they break upon my ears,
nd pierce my wounded heart, so I would fain
)efer this sad narration of my pain—
)ut it is meet that thou the worst shouldst know—
nd sure there can be nothing new in wo
[o me—no burning pangs the soul can melt—
No bitter agony I have not felt—
No depth in grief, to which I have not sunk—
No dreg in Sorrow's cup, I have not drunk!

XI.

The second day, her frantic ravings ceased—
The third, her troubled spirit Death released,
And left me to a darker fate and gloom—
Oh! never more may such be mortal's doom!

May mortal never more such vigil keep
Above the corse's cold—dark—festering sleep.
Six days I floated on the stagnant sea—
The dead alone to keep me company—
Six days I sent to Heaven my feeble cry—
Six days I prayed for Death—but could not die!
At last, I know not whether that I slept,
Or, if 'twere stupor o'er my senses crept,
Or, from its wasting, dying tenement,
To other worlds my fainting Spirit went;
But unto me my sainted Mother came,
In all, save Sorrow's pallid hues, the same—
The same clear eyes, and mournful mien she bore—
The same meek smile, and raven tresses wore—
Again she drew me to her gentle breast—
Again her lips upon my forehead pressed—
Again she clasped my hands 'twixt both of hers,
And bathed them with Affection's burning tears,
And said—"On earth for thee is rest, my Boy,
Life, for thee, treasures future Love and Joy;
Though, first, much pain and sorrow thou must know;
Yet, fear not, I will guard thy weal below—

'hou yet wilt see thy sire, when lank Remorse
s gnawing on his heart;—when, like a corse,
)ead to all things, he roams the Earth alone,
'ining for kindred love, but finding none.
'ly to Eudori, on the Grecian strand—
:onvey my dust to his paternal hand—
Tell him my fate—my penitence—despair—
My dying blessing—and my parting prayer.—
Then Medon seek—avenge my wrong so vast—
Be pure—and thou wilt gain this Land at last!"
And now I woke beneath a burning sky—
And thought, in turn, my time had come to die—
My swollen eyeballs throbbed with maddening pain—
My pulses leaped—spun round and round my brain—
My tongue lay parched and palsied on my lips—
Slow stole upon my sight a dark eclipse—
And went and came, like shadows o'er the sun—
A start—a gasp—a sigh—and sense was gone.

XII.

At last, I felt me borne as in a dream,
And wafted down some softly-gliding stream,

And heard the creaking cordage over head—
The Sailor's merry song and nimble tread—
Then backward sank to mental night again—
Delirium's World of fantasy and pain—
Where hung the fiery Moon—and Stars of blood—
And phantom Ships rolled on the rolling flood;
Again awoke, as fain my Spirit clung
To Life, and over me a Sailor hung,
Striving with cordials to recall my breath,
And woo me from the cold embrace of Death;
But, in my hammock many a dreary day,
And weary week, I impotently lay;
The while he watched me with a parent's care,
With holy oil, and Rosary, and Prayer;
Brought every toy that lures the childish sight—
And, when at last health came, 'twas his delight
To give me books—to see my mind expand—
And grasp the lore of many an ancient land—
To pore o'er angles, and the curious chart—
To learn the Compass, and the Seaman's Art.

XIII.

was LEANDER—Master of this Bark;
rt and sinewy man, with aspect dark;
res embrowned by Equatorial beams;
t with Pity's purest, softest gleams—
sacred light sent up from Feeling's shrine,
ıke the human face appear divine.
he had known of Sorrow, Pain and Strife—
too, he had a Boy and tender Wife—
ey were gone—he'd now no kin—no home—
'elf allured him o'er the distant foam—
ould not 'bate the dearth his bosom knew—
ı his heart a second Son I grew.

XIV.

ind, by Grief, was ripened ere its time,
nowledge came spontaneous as a chime,
lows into the Soul, unbid, unsought;
ırth, and Air, and Heaven, I fed my thought—
ean's teachings—ÆTNA's lava tears—
and Wrecks—and nameless Sepulchres.

XV.

Now, lovely girl, I leap the gulf of years,
And scenes unfit for youthful maiden's ears;
The mortal miseries and debasing wiles,
Bedimming Ocean's pearl-encircled Isles—
Those Edens of the soft Hesperian Sea—
The Isles' of Love, and Song, and Mutiny,
Where Zephyr waxes weary with perfume,
And Nature clothes the Earth in deathless bloom;
The Maiden vested in her raven hair,
Roams fresh and free as her own Mountain air.

XVI.

Wherever fickle Fortune promised gain,
This gallant Vessel sped the azure Main;
She bore the richest treasures of the Nile,
To deck the beauty of the British Isle;
Then westward sailed, the Indies to explore,
And course along Columbia's plenteous shore.—
And over her, at last, I had full sway,
And roved, at will, upon the liquid way,

ɔm Otaheite's shore to Salamis—
ıad what most men crave, save happiness—
ıat fair, illusive bubble all pursue,
'ith outstretched hand and ever eager view,
o the dark verge of Death—then hopeless there,
ehold it burst—and vanish into air—
eaving them weary and aghast to sink;
r, grope in darkness on the frightful brink:
ıt Vengeance lashed me on, from tide to tide—
:om land to land—in heart a Parricide!
reat Ruler of all things above—below!
'hy Man's unequal destiny—his wo?
'hy born—allured—afflicted—left to Hate—
he cruel sport of unrelenting Fate—
o writhe beneath the pangs of speechless Ire,
ntil the Heart consumes by its internal fire?

XVII.

'E now were mid the fair West Indian Isles,
'here Beauty reigns, and Nature ever smiles,

So softly, scarce is heard the Zephyr's sigh—
And where one might be well content to die;
But Fate impelled me to the Grecian sky—
And soon I bade farewell to India's daughters,
And bounded o'er Atlantic's surging Waters.

II.

At last we furled our sail in Coron's Bay;
Basking along the shore the Sailors lay,
Or strayed wherever Fancy led the way;
While weary and oppressed with gloomy thought,
Eudori's Castle-hall I slowly sought.
The garnished walls were peopled with his Race—
And, in their midst, I saw my Mother's face—
All beautiful and fraught with girlish grace—
Alas! why was it there to smile on me,
And break the slumber of my Agony!
Mirrors and vases—busts, and statues fair—
And all, bespeaking opulence, were there.
Upon his rich divan Eudori sate,
Sad was his visage, and his mien sedate;

ow from his turban hung his silver hair ;
pon his sallow features sat despair ;
nd to my greeting, scarce he bowed his head—
knelt before him with a shivering dread—
tammered the woes my heart no more could bear—
ly Mother's penitence, and parting prayer—
esought him to accept her treasured dust—
nd me to take beneath his sacred trust ;
ut vainly—Vengeance darted from his eye—
old through me ran his freezing scrutiny—
Depart ! unconsecrated Youth !" he said,
Nor longer wake the memory of that Maid—
ach word of her thou speakest, to my heart
ends torture keener than the barbed dart.
he was my Idol—Priestess—Heaven—my Bliss—
he emblem of her Mother's loveliness—
er Beauty—but 'tis passed.—These limbs are weak—
oary my beard—and furrowed deep my cheek—
hildless I am—yet rather than to take
hee to my heart, I'd clasp the venomed snake—
ly curse is on thee ;—from my sight depart—
r, feel this sabre rankle in thy heart !"

Shaking with inward Ire, EUDORI said,
And bowed between his hands his turbaned head.

XIX.

I ROSE — I bowed — I staggered from that hall —
Praying for Death to wrap me in his pall —
I reached the shore — beneath the pitying Moon,
Lay, like ENDYMION, chained in Sorrow's swoon;
I loved EUDORI — could have laid my brow
Within the dust for one kind word — one vow
Of fatherly protection — but 'twas vain —
He turned on me a glance of fierce disdain, —
And sent me shivering through the world again. —
'Twas done — my last faint hope on earth was o'er —
And I was friendless — hapless as before —
An heir to title, and to high estate,
But heirless, banished by relentless Hate —
I called upon the rocks to pity me —
The crags — the Mountain-peaks for sympathy —
Invoked the moaning Billows at my feet
To wrap me in their azure winding sheet —

.e birds—the unseen Spirits of the air,
› mitigate the depth of my despair;
ill these would hearken never to my cry,
ıt left me to my fate—to one long, living sigh.

CANTO IV.

ZAMEN'S HISTORY CONTINUED—JOURNEY TO MECCA—THE WRECK—MYNERA'S LINEAGE.

I.

Shrine of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed—thy mourning cease—
The Gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living—breathing Greece again?
Grave of the Mighty! Hero—Poet—Sage—
Whose deeds are guiding Stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in Glory and Despair,
Still, in thy desolation thou art fair!
Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
Low in sepulchral dust thy Fanes divine—

d all thy visible self—yet, o'er thy clay,
d, Beauty linger, hallowing Decay.
t all the ills that War entailed on thee—
t all the blood that stained Thermopylæ—
t all the Desolation Traitors wrought—
t all the Wo and Want Invaders brought;—
t all the tears that Slavery could wring
om out thy heart of patient suffering—
t all that drapes thy loveliness in Night,
n quench thy Spirit's never-dying light;
t hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
eams a Beacon to the march of Mind—
Oasis to Sage and Bard forlorn—
guiding light to Centuries unborn.

r thee I mourn—thy blood is in my veins—
thee by Consanguinity's strong chains
n bound, and fain would die to make thee free—
t oh! there is no Liberty for thee!
t all the Wisdom of thy greatest One—[1]
t all the bravery of THETIS' Son—[2]

Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' Ire—
Not all the magic of the Athenian's Lyre,[8]
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease,
Or rend one Gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece!

Where Corinth weeps beside Lepanto's Deep,
Her Palaces in desolation sleep,
Seated till dawn on moonlit Column, I
Have sought to probe eternal Destiny.
I've roamed, fair Hellas, o'er thy battle plains,
And stood within Apollo's ruined Fanes,
Invoked the Spirits of the Past to wake,
Assist, with swords of fire, thy chains to break;
But only from the hollow sepulchres,
Murmured—"Eternal slavery is hers!"
And on thy bosom I have laid my head,
And poured my Soul forth—tears of lava shed,
Before thy desecrated Altars knelt,
To calmer feelings felt my sorrows melt—
And gladly with thee would have made my home,
But Pride and Hate impelled me o'er the foam,
To distant Lands and Seas unknown to roam.

II.

ıe sails were spread—propitious breezes blew,
ıd from the lessening shores of Greece we flew,
ıunded away by Scio's palmy Isle,
ıd anchored on the margin of the Nile.
ıere dwelt the Crew—there Health and Pleasure won—
ich Treasures from the Children of the Sun—
wels from Tyre—Brocades from Persia's Loom—
rom Afric, gold—from Araby, perfume;
hile o'er the Wrecks of fallen Worlds I pondered—
o Tyre and Sidon, and Jerusalem wandered,
ewing my mute thoughts up in Sepulchres—
ouching on Coffins—craving dead men's tears.

III.

h God! it is a melancholy sight
o see that Land whence sprung all sacred light,
elight of men, and most beloved of God;
Vhere, happy first, our primal parents trod;

Where HAGAR mourned, and JUDAH'S minstrel sung,
With the dark pall of Desolation hung!
No Band of Warriors crowd the royal gate,
No suppliant millions in the Temples wait,
No Prophet-Minstrel swells the tide of Song,
No mighty Seer enchains the breathless throng;
But from the JORDAN to the Ægean tide,
From GANGES to EUPHRATES' fertile side,
From MECCA'S plains to lofty LEBANON,
The ashes of departed Worlds are strown.
On CARMEL'S heights, on PISGAH'S tops I stood,
And paced EPIRUS' savage solitude,
Before the sepulchre of JESUS knelt,
And by the Galilean Waters dwelt,
Wandered among ASSYRIA'S Ruins vast,
Feeding my mute thoughts on the silent past—
Pride—Splendor—Glory—Desolation—Crime—
And the Deep Mystery of the Birth of Time.

IV.

'TWAS night in ARABY—upon the Bank
Of the RED SEA awearily I sank,

ve and thoughtful :—On me DIAN smiled,
st in LATMOS on her dreamy Child,
while I poured into her silver ears
ioarded agonies and woes of years.
t the Desert lay in every part—
rd but the slow beatings of my heart—
ward the Heaven-commanded waves retreat—
the low sound of ISRAEL'S weary feet,
n soft as Planetary Harmony,
my rapt ear flowed this Minstrelsy :

Song of the Arab Maid.

I.

ONE tardy year, young ALMA now hath passed,
Since at the holy Shrine our vows we plighted—
Speed on, ye wheels of Time, the moments fast,
When we for ever there shall be united !

II.

Now, while propitious Silence chains the grove,
No ear is ope to hear my bosom's yearning,
I'll breathe to thee the fond undying Love,
That in the Censer of this heart lies burning.

III.

I join not in the mirth, nor evening lay,
Nor give an ear to other Lover's pleading,
Whose Camels tread with mine the Desert-way,
But on thy love my heart is ever feeding.

IV.

I hear thy voice—I see thee every where,
Thy brow upon me like the Day-God's beaming—
I see thee when I close mine eyes in prayer—
I see thee nightly in the land of dreaming.

V.

I see thee in the Câabâ[5] divine,
Thy heart with Love and holy fervor glowing,
Waiting to claim my hand at ALLAH's Shrine,
And bear me where the BENDEMEER is flowing.

VI.

There, ALMA, it shall ever be my pride
With thee mid INDIA's roses to be dwelling,
And floating down Life's smooth enchanted Tide,
Our hearts together, like two bright streams, swelling.

V.

ius sang that dark-haired Maiden to her lute,
hile in me breath, and pulse, and heart stood mute,
i suddenly translated to the Spheres
' Seraph-Harmony.—I dried my tears—
)proached, and said—" What, Maid of ARABY,
one allures thee to the desert-lea?
ar'st not the GHOUL,[6] or roving Pirate wild,
ay here molest ARABIA'S lovely Child!"

'm not alone," the artless MOSLEM said,
There are our tents—our Camels in the glade,
ıd straying barbs—by ALLAH'S will divine,
'e journey to the holy Prophet's shrine——
'ho, who art thou, that linger'st by the sea,
ıd dar'st the desert-dells of ARABY?"

A lonely Wanderer at Fate's command,
'ith Hope, nor Home, nor Kin, nor Native Land—
Child of Melancholy, Wrong, and Strife—
helpless Reed cast on the Sea of Life,

To drift at random——Maid of Araby!
Fair gentle Child of Love and Minstrelsy!
Oh! tell me, if in Earth's remotest part,
There's aught to soothe the desolated heart—
Tell me, whom Hate hath doomed the World to rove,
Where Peace is found below, and where is Love?"

"Oh! Stranger, seek with us the Prophet's shrine,
There bend the knee, and plead for Love divine—
To each true Moslem heart an Houri's given
Who waits his coming at the gates of Heaven!"
Saying, she, beck'ning, glided to a tent,
Where on their mats the grizzly Arabs leant,
Bid me repose, while her shy glance confessed,
She deemed me lurking foe, or Gheber's-guest.

VI.

The morning came—the slumbering Arabs woke,
And far around the Desert silence broke—
Rude sounds went up mid prayers to Allah given,
And anthems wafted to the vaults of Heaven.

The tents were struck—along the Camels led
To take their burden, and the Desert tread—
And by the Maiden's Camel o'er the sand,
I urged my Barb to ISLAM'S sacred Land.

VII.

THERE glowed the Arab's tent in beams serene—
The SERRAPURDA[9] with its crimson screen,
Neath which the loveliest Maids of PERSIA smiled,
Or, with their Lutes the sultry hours beguiled:
There lowing Camels wandered o'er the plain,[10]
The Barb, and glossy steed with loosened rein,
The wild Armenian, and the haughty Greek;
The Turk, the Arab, and the Hebrew meek,
The olive Indian from the GANGES' side,
CASHMERE'S cool vales, and OMAN'S glassy tide,
Old Age, and Beauty with her flowing hair,
All tongues—conditions—and all grades were there—
Ten thousand through the holy Temple strayed—
And suppliant Nations at the Altars prayed.

VIII.

What sought I there? what Joy—Allurement—
Was it a Home—Love—Friendship—Happiness
That led my footsteps o'er the burning Sand—
A lonely Pilgrim to the Moslem Land?
Ah, no! no hopeful Star was beaming there—
'Twas wo that urged me on, I cared not where,
So Hate's unslumbering vengeance I might quell,
And slake my Grief—my bosom's burning Hell!
Alas! from Sorrow we can never fly—
Its roots are in the heart, and there will live and c
I strode the dells of Mina, and the vales,
That rang of old with sacrificial wails,[11]
Gathered around me from their Sepulchres
That ancient Band of Paynim Worshipers,
And raised me up companions from dull clay;
But these could not my bosom's thirst allay—
And back afar I strode the desert-way,
To greet again my fond, and faithful Crew,
And seek a home upon the Waters blue,

Where Sorrow's Children ever best can find
An Antidote to soothe the sickly Mind.

IX.

Warm is their greeting—warm they wring my hand,—
Then guide th' impatient Vessel from the Land—
Fresh blows the breeze, and flaps the buoyant sail,
Like a glad Falcon loosened on the gale;
Proudly along her liquid path she goes,
And far abaft the bubbling billow throws,
Like a swift steed that dashes on his way,
And from his panting sides flings back the foaming spray.—
The Archipelago we leave at last,
One long, sad, sorrowing look on Hellas cast,
And o'er the blue Ionian Waters fly,
Eager to reach the far West Indian sky,—
On those fair blooming shores to live and die—
Already Fancy leads me to those Bowers;
Again I pluck their Paradisian Flowers,
Again I taste their mellow, melting fruits,
Again I drink the warbling of their Lutes;

But oh, MYNERA! frail man little knows,
What unseen obstacles may interpose
'Twixt him and Hope—enshroud in night his goal,
And in terrific Sorrow whelm his Soul!
Hard by the shores of SICILY we steered,
When near the sinking sun a speck appeared:
The glass was brought—LEANDER scanned the sky,
Then strode the deck with anxious mien and eye—
The Cabin sought—unrolled the faithful Chart,
And in his mind renewed the rules of Art.
The Sailors carefully examined each
Weak plank, or seam—calked every opening breach,
Secured the sails, repaired the stranded ropes,
And to the Pilot's skill resigned their hopes;
While in the Cabin with LEANDER, I
Prepared to meet the worst emergency.
The gathering storm already veils the sun,
Prophetic murmurs o'er the billows run,
And from her inmost caves the madd'ning Deep
Rocks like an Earthquake waking from its sleep.
Night shrouds the Sea—the Heavens are hung with black
The beating tempest drives the vessel back;

The thunder rolls along the boiling Main,
As God had rent the angry Vault in twain,
And wrapped the waters in eternal night;
And hopelessly we drift before the Tempest's might,
Till on our startled ears a sudden cry—
"Ho! breakers! breakers!" warns us Death is nigh—
"Brace quick the yards! the main and topsails reef!
The mizzen brail!" are now the orders brief,—
"To sea! for if upon these rocks we're tost,
We must go down, and every soul be lost!"
And with the speed of thought each seeks his post:
LEANDER grasps the helm, and breathlessly
Strains every nerve to turn the prow to sea;
But vain; now on the mountain wave she rides—
Then down into the yawning chasm glides—
Then, like a curbless steed stands head in air,
Shaking from her the pallid Mariner—
Then, veering round beneath the Tempest's shocks—
Backs—lurches—bilges on the fatal rocks.

And now arise on high the shrieks of Death—
The wild farewell of those who yield their breath—

Some battle with the Breakers long and brave—
Some seize a plank—a beam—a floating stave—
Some to the mast and rigging cling for life—
Some pray—some curse—some shriek, "my child—wife!
Oh, JESUS! save us from the Tempest's wrath!"
Then sink in silence to the shades of Death.
Upon the mizzen, where I shivering clung
A little while, the sage LEANDER hung—
Peace to his ashes! never garnered Wave
A heart so noble—or a soul so brave!
"ZAMEN! my dear—my tender Boy!" he said,
"I had not thought thus soon to join the dead—
But 'tis GOD's will—and his decrees are just—
Oh! in that GOD put all thy future trust!
If thou art saved from death, remember me!"
He cried, then sank into Eternity.

X.

THE morning came; still howled the angry main,
Mingling its wailings with our shrieks of pain:

Still o'er our heads the brooding tempest hung—
But five of fifty to the vessel clung—
The rest, alas! had found a watery grave,
Full many a fathom down beneath the wave.—
And morning came—and went—and came again—
And still we bore the pangs of thirst and pain—
Oh, Life! mysterious—subtle—fragile thread!
Spark that divid'st the living from the dead!
What—what art thou, that we should cling to thee
With miser grasp in Death's last agony?
We hugged the mast when pallid Hope had sped—
We hugged it when the power of speech had fled—
And we were left not even the aid of cries;
The Cannibal was glaring in our eyes,
When by the wreck a Pirate's Cruiser rode,
And offered aid—a friendly—safe abode.

XI.

This was our Sire, who saved me from the main—
The common author of our grief and pain—

Thou art my Sister—partner of my Wo—
My tears—my anguish"——
"ZAMEN—ZAMEN—No!
Thanks to the Heaven that made me not akin
Unto the hideous wretch thy Sire hath been!
Villain most vile—I had not, from my birth,
Dreamed Heaven permitted such to tread this earth.
Thy story fills my heart with grief and fear,
And renders thee a thousand times more dear;
For, aye amid thy matchless woes and tears,
The virtue of thy noble heart appears—
Virtue, that lofty souls must ever love—
Virtues that Angels register above.
My Sire, the righful heir of MORA, fell
In battle, ere I can remember well.
He flew, poor man, to GREECE, his native Land,
To wrench her from the heartless Tyrant's hand;
There fell upon the Shrine of Liberty—
And well my Mother kept his memory,
Until GONZALO, by the Wizard's art,
Sought and obtained her youthful hand and heart;

hich done, with him she sailed to Hellas' shore—
ıd to Hesperidy returned no more;
› said, she of a fatal fever died;
ıat they had laid her by my Father's side—
.t now I see it all—'tis all too true—
as! alas! she was his victim too!
·ul Fiend! they whispered this into my ear—
ıt such aspersions I could never hear—
› was so fatherly—so dear to me,
:ould not link him with such infamy!
ı, God! avenge the injuries of the dead—
·ur thy fierce wrath out on the murderer's head!
·e dwelt from Childhood from the world apart,
:eming it sinless as I knew my heart;
y lute, the birds, the flowers, have been my friends—
ŷ book, the soft blue Heaven that o'er me bends,
ŷ Fancy never, in her wildest dream,
inted such hideous deeds as form thy theme,
hich circumscribes my knowledge of mankind;—
ıt though all else are vile, thou'rt good and kind—
ı! in these vales afar from Sin and Strife,
›ving but Virtue, let us walk through Life,

Forgetting all the ills our hearts have tried!"
On his responsive breast she sobbing sighed.

XII.

And they were wed—Love chased their tears away,
As mists are driven before the smile of Day,
Gave softer radiance to both Earth and Sky,
And made each lovelier in the other's eye.
No Discord rose to mar their Happiness;—
Each morning brought to them untasted Bliss;
No Pangs—no Sorrows came with varying years;
No cold distrust, no faithlessness, no tears,—
But hand in hand, as Eve and Adam trod
Eden, they walked beneath the smile of God.
At Morn they wandered through the dewy bowers,
Tended the birds, or trained the garden flowers;—
Or, weary of these health-inspiring Arts,
With Music and sweet song refreshed their hearts;
Then all day seated in the Colonnade,
Or where the Myrtle made a genial shade,

They pored above the tomes of other days—
Cervantes' Wit, and Ossian's sounding Lays;
And Dante's Dreams, and Petrarch's deathless Love—
All that mad Tasso into numbers wove—
Shakspeare's deep harp, and Milton's loftier song—
From all creations of the minstrel throng—
Statues and busts by Grecian chisels wrought,
They drew the nutriment of Love and Thought.—
Then, moved by Genius, Zamen swept his Lyre,
And, like a meteor, flashed its latent fire
Upon the world; and thrilled its inmost heart—
All that his Soul had gleaned from Beauty—Art—
Love—Ruin—Melancholy—Anguish—Wrong—
Revenge—he wove into harmonious song,—
And to his Country, and to lasting Fame,
Bequeathed a cherished and a spotless name.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE 1, SECTION III.

Fond lingering over ANDALUSIA'S shrines.

The name of Andalusia, meaning the region of evening, or ɜ west, was applied by the Arabs, not only to the province so lled, but to the whole Peninsula.

NOTE 2, SECT. III.

Fresh blows the breeze on TARICK'S burnished Bay.

Tarick, whom Mousa, the Arab General, sent over with a dy of troops to make the first attempt on Spain, crossed the raits and was the first that set his foot on the Rock of Gibraltar, ɔm which circumstance it was called Ghebal Tarick, meaning Arabic, the Rock or Mountain of Tarick. Gibraltar is a cor-

ruption of Ghebal Tarick.—*See* Busk's *History of Spain and Portugal*, *p.* 8.

Mousa était ambitieux et entreprenant, mais la prudence tempésait en lui l' ambition et l' audace ; il fit prendre des renseignements sur l' Espagne, sur le souverain, sur les forces militaires du pays, et ses agents lui firent un rapport fidèle de tout ce qu'ils avaient vu et remarqué. Ils lui vantèrent la douce température de cette contrée, son beau ciel, ses richesses, la bonté de ses fruits, ses eaux pures et abondantes, la marche régulière des saisons, la variété de ses productions, ses monuments, ses vastes et populeuses cités. " L' Espagne," lui dirent-ils, " l' emporte sur toutes les régions connues ; c' est la Syrie pour l' air et le climat ; c' est l' Yémen pour la fertilité du sol ; c' est l' Inde pour ses aromes et pour ses fleurs ; c' est le Katay pour ses mines précieuses ; c' est l' Aden pour ses portes et ses beaux rivages."

Ces riantes descriptions séduisirent Mousa, qui informa aussitôt le calife des propositions du comte Julien, et de la facilité de conquérir ces riches contrées, qu'un détroit de peu d'étendue séparait seul de l'Afrique. Le calife approuva l'intention de son général, dont il connaissait le zèle et l'habileté. Muni de ce consentement, Mousa fit ses préparatifs d'invasion ; mais voulant d'abord sonder les dispositions du peuple espagnol et juger de l'effet des promesses de Julien, il envoya cinq cents cavaliers d'élite à Ceuta, pour être de là transportés en Espagne. Il donna le commandement de cette troupe à Tarik-ben-Zegar, dont il avait éprouvé les talents et la bravoure dans la guerre d'Alma-

reb. Le passage s'effectua sur quatre grands bateaux qui abordèrent heureusement de Ceuta aux rivages Andaloux. Les Arabes parcoururent toute la côte sans éprouver de résistance. Au bout de quelques jours Tarick ramena sa troupe à Tanger, chargée de butin (au 91 de l'hègire (2); 710 de I.—C.)

Mousa conçut de ce premier succés les plus heureux présages, et rassemblant aussitôt un nombreux corps d'armée il chargea le même Taric d'aller commencer la conquête. Taric alla prendre terre à Jezira-Alhadra, ou l'ile Verte, en face de la ville actuelle d'Algéziras. Les Espagnols opposérent quelque résistance; mais au bout de quelques minutes ils prirent la fuite. Tarick fit alors passer son armée sur le continent, et son premier soin fut de se retrancher au pied du mont Calpé; ce fut de lui que la pointe du rocher qui se projette dans la mer reçut le nom de Gib al Tarik (Montagne de Tarick), dont les modernes ont fait Gibraltar. Ce grand événement eut lieu sur la fin d'Avril de l'année suivante (711; 92 de l'hégire.)—*Conquète de l'Espagne par les Arabes.*

Note 3, Sect. III.

> And many a bark and gallant vessel sweep
> Remorseless o'er the mournful Moslems' sleep.

When the banished Moors reached the sea-shore in Andalusia, many thousands, preferring death to a home in a strange land, threw themselves into the waves and were drowned.

Note 4, Sect. III.

And Nelson's Spirit hovers o'er the Wave
Where bled the mighty, and repose the Brave.

Trafalgar.

Note 5, Sect. IV.

Alas! how many Children of this Earth
Look back and curse the Authors of their Birth,—
Those who first lured their steps to Ruin's Brink,
Then left them there—alone—dismayed—aghast to sink!

The following is from an account of Parkhurst Prison in the Isle of Wight, part of which is attached, in the form of a note, to "The Child of the Island."

"Many of the children had been driven to crime by the neglect and cruelty of step-mothers. I asked if they were very unhappy; and was answered, that the great mass were not the least so, but that, on the other hand, there was no doubt that a few were heart-broken. The ties of home, in many instances, retain their influence. One apparently hardened little fellow, who swore and played the bully, on coming into the prison, nevertheless sank down in tears on being talked to of "his little Sister."

Note 6, Sect. IX.

Sleep chains the Earth; the bright stars glide on high.

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, sylvæque et sæva quiêrant

Æquora; cùm medio volvuntur sidera lapsu:
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
At non infelix animi Phœnissa: nequé unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
Accipit. Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.

ÆNEID, *Lib. IV, Lines* 522–534.

CANTO III.

NOTE 1, SECTION XV.

The Isles of Love, and Song, and Mutiny.

It was near the coast of Otaheite, and the adjacent Islands, : the crew of Captain Bligh mutinied; which mutiny forms subject of Byron's Island.

CANTO IV.

NOTE 1, SECTION I.

Not all the wisdom of thy greatest one.

Lycurgus.

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Note 2, Sect. I.

Not all the Bravery of Thetis' Son.

Achilles.

Note 3, Sect. I.

Not all the magic of the Athenian's Lyre.

Seven of the greatest Cities of Greece—Smyrna, Rhodes, Athens, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, and Argos—contended for the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. For the sake of Euphony I have selected Athens.

Note 4, Sect. II.

There dwelt the Crew — there health and pleasure won—
Rich Treasures from the Children of the Sun.

The religion of the Arabs, as well as the Indians, consisted in the worship of the Sun, the Moon, and the fixed Stars.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Vol. V, p.* 410.

Note 5, Sect. IV.

I see thee in the Caabà divine.

Càabà — The Temple at Mecca.

Note 6, Sect. V.

Fear'st not the Ghoul, or roving Pirate wild.

Ghoul — The Arabs believe the desert to be infested with wild Ghouls, or fiends.

NOTE 7, SECT. V.

To each true Moslem Heart an Houri's given,
Who waits his coming at the gates of Heaven.

all the Mahometans, who were true to their country, or
ɔn, were allotted one or more Houris, who would intercede
m in Heaven.—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall.*

NOTE 8, SECT. V.

She deemed me lurking foe, or Gheber-guest.

eber — A follower of Zoriaster.

NOTE 9, SECT. VIII.

The Serrapurda with its crimson screen.

rrapurda — A high screen of crimson silk, stiffened with
ınd inclosing a considerable space around the royal tents.

NOTE 10, SECT. VIII.

There lowing Camels wandered o'er the plain,
The Barb, and glossy steed with loosened rein.

ll to mind when we gave the site of the house of the Càabà
abode unto Abraham, saying, do not associate any thing
ıe, and cleanse my house for those who compass it, and who
ıp, and who bow down to worship, and proclaim unto the
a solemn Pilgrimage; let them come unto thee on foot, and

on every lean Camel, arriving from every distant road, that they may be witnesses of the advantages which accrue to them from the visiting this holy place, and commemorating the home of God. —*Al Korn*, ch. xxii, p. 255.

Note 11, Sect. IX.

I strode the dells of Mina, and the vales
That rang of old with sacrificial wails.

Before the time of Mohammed sacrifices were offered upon the Altars of the Càabà. They strode the vales of Mina—threw stones into the valley—cast their garments on the ground—three times paced around the reeking Altars, and the Pilgrimage was completed.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Isabelle;

OR,

THE BROKEN HEART.

ISABELLE;

OR,

THE BROKEN HEART.

A Tale of Hispaniola.

" Ed èra 'l cièlo all' armonia si' 'ntento,
Che nón si vedèa in ramo mòver fòglia;
Tanta dólcérra avéa pién l' àere, 'e 'l vento."

PETRARCH.

" Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me—save me—God of Heaven! I die!"

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

CANTO I.

I.

FULL many a tale of wo is thine,
Fair Island of the Haytien Sea,
Of vows that should have been divine,
And Woman's speechless agony—

The pangs of Sorrow's ruthless darts—
The hecatombs of trusting Hearts:
Thou hast no mighty names in song—
No famed Recorders of thy wrong—
No Tweed—no storied Helicon—
  Colossus—neither Moslem Pile,
Nor gilded Temple of the Sun,
  To consecrate thy name, bright Isle!—
Thou hast nor classic Memories,
  Nor border songs of ladies fair,
Nor spirit-stirring Chivalries;
  But thou hast Records of Despair,
And tales of deep, enduring Love,
As ever Minstrel's Fancy wove.

II.

Oh! what is there like that deep Grief,
That finds, nor seeks on earth relief!
That stands from sympathy apart,
  Unto its own fond broodings wed,
Feeding upon the writhing heart,
  As the Promethean Vulture fed!

'Tis as the Aspic's poisonous stings—
Piercing into the heart's fine strings—
The loathsome death-worm o'er us creeping,
Ere we within the tomb are sleeping.

III.

THE Zephyrs sleep in NIEVA'S Vale—
On wave and wold each rougher gale—
While every ear along the grove
Bends down to drink the notes of Love,
And the low warblings of Despair,
That on the balmy evening rise,
Like diapasons of sweet sighs.
The minstrel is a Maiden fair,
With delicately moulded form,
As ere was wrought by Grecian Master—
Dark eyes through which the soul beams warm—
A cheek of purest alabaster—
A step, once in her native dells,
Far lighter than the young Gazelle's—
A smile with more than HEBE'S spell—
A voice soft as the Siren's shell,

Or tones to Houri's harp-strings given,
To welcome warriors brave to Heaven.
She wears the wandering Gipsy's dress,
  She sweeps the wandering Gipsy's lute—
But those who gaze on her distress—
  Sorrow so eloquently mute,
Know they behold no Gipsy maid,
In those habiliments arrayed.
The tiny foot her garb exposes,
And crimson slipper close incloses—
Her fairy hand and jeweled fingers—
Her brow, where pensive Beauty lingers—
Her modest mien and movement free,
Betray too well her high degree.

IV.

Beneath the solemn Yew all day
She pours some melancholy lay,
Nor raises once her pensive eye
To greet the lingerers passing by;—
Nor heeds the needful, glittering pelf,
  That at her fairy feet they throw,—

Her thoughts seem never bent on self,
She only thinks and sings of wo—
Of sighs, and tears, and slighted troth—
Stern Fate's irrevocable darts,
And Woman's worth, and wrong, and wrath—
Love's faithless vows and broken hearts—
These best befit her mournful lute,
Which on all other themes is mute.

Young dark-eyed Maidens from the hill
Come down and sit by moonlit rill;
Hidalgos, from rich domicil,
Linger along the balmy lea,
To list her love-lorn minstrelsy;
And when on violet bed reposing,
Kind Slumber her soft eyelids closing,
They slowly, solemnly draw near,
And pitying view the sleepless tear,
That o'er her cheek unbidden flows
From the perennial fount of woes.

Kind-hearted damsels seek her there,
And bid her to their cots repair—

To flee the noontide's burning ray;
But with a sigh she turns away,
Serenely weeping—singing—roams,
Where never rude molester comes;—
'Tis as some Halo of blest light,
Encircles her by day and night,
Within which Evil dare not come,
Or aught save guardian Nymph or Gnome;
The Tempest even shuns her form—
God shields the hapless maid from harm!

V.

Three weary years have rolled away
Since first they heard that pensive lay,
Yet none know from what shores she came,
Or why, or what may be her name—
They only gather from her song,
That she hath loved and suffered wrong.
Some deem she came from Spanish lands,
And others from Ausonian strands,
Opine that she hath followed over
The dangerous sea some faithless Lover.

Some ween Count Gamba, to whose gate
At midnight she is seen to go,
And weep, and murmur strains of wo,
Hath some part in the Maiden's fate;
And some frown on this foul suspicion,
And prate about her low condition,
As, lofty souls could only be
Found clad in garbs of high degree.—
Some guess she is the Spirit pale,
Of maiden murdered in that vale,
By a false Lover long ago;—
They guess, and guess—yet nothing know.

VI.

When vesper bells are tolling loud,
She seeks the Temple with the crowd,
And strives to chant the Holy Creed—
To count aright each amber bead,
But rightly never can succeed—
Why wander thus her thoughts away,
When to the Virgin she would pray?

Why steals her eye to GAMBA's seat?
Why hangs it on his lady sweet?
Why glistens through her lashes jet
The crystal Tear
When he is near,
Like dew-drops on the violet?
Then slides along the drooping lid,
And steals adown her cheek unbid,
As if it sought from the dark fount,
Where it so long had been confined,
Above the troubled brim to mount,
Some clime of sunnier light to find?
She's ever at Confessional,
Yet lingers—falters in the hall,
And turns away without confessing,
As something on her soul were pressing,
Which she would tell to Priest nor Heaven,
Though sure by both to be forgiven.

CANTO II.

I.

'Tis eve—soft lies the Indian sky,
Not as within this Northern clime,
E'en in its most congenial time
Of summer melting melody,
But with one golden gush of light,
As Heaven had centred all its smiles
Within those soft aerial isles,
To 'luminate the sultry night,
When languid Beauty wanders forth
To breathe the breezy, balmy air,—
Arouse her ivory limbs from sloth,
And decorate her raven hair
With pearly flowers,
From fragrant bowers,

Which ever bud and blossom there,
And smile beneath seraphic care.
Fond Echo sleeps on rock and hill,
The Nightingale's sweet voice is still
Beside the silent, silver rill—
No breath awakes the drowsy palm,
And all, save Sorrow's breast, is calm;
Or the wild, beating hearts of lovers,
Who silently along the glades,
Await, beneath the leafy covers,
The footsteps of responding maids,
To breathe to them a last farewell,
Or plight the vows they'll treasure well.
Oh! if there 're moments in this life
When guardian Angels hover nigh,
And banish Sorrow, Pain, Fear, Strife—
Fill the breast with stainless Purity—
When to the longing Soul is given
A foretaste of the bliss of Heaven,—
It is when young hearts, pure and high,
Meet under Heaven's approving eye,

Afar in some sequestered grove,
Or by some soothing waterfall,
And blend thought, fancy, feeling—all—
In the Omnipotence of Love.

And wan the mournful Maiden now
Across the balmy valley flies,
The cold, damp dew upon her brow,
The hot tears trickling from her eyes—
The last that Fate can ever wring
From her young bosom's troubled spring.
Swiftly beneath the myrtle she
Glides onward o'er the moonlit lea—
By many a Mausoleum speeds,
And tomb, amidst the tuneful reeds,
Yet falters not—she feels no dread
When in the presence of the dead—
Alas! what awe have sepulchres
For hearts that have been dead for years—
Dead unto all external things—
Dead unto Hope's sweet offerings,
While with its lofty pinions furled,
The Spirit floats in neither world.

She gains at length the holy fane,
Where death and solemn silence reign—
Hurries along the shadowy aisles,
Up to the altar where blest tapers
Burn dimly, and the Virgin smiles,
Midst rising clouds of incense vapors—
There kneels by the Confession Chair,
Where waits the Friar with fervent prayer,
To soothe the Children of Despair.

Her hands are clasped—her eyes upraised—
Meek—beautiful—though coldly glazed,
And her pale cheeks are paling faster;
From under her simple hat of straw,
Over her neck her tresses flow,
Like threads of jet o'er alabaster,—
From which the constant dews of night
Have stolen half their glossy light.

II.

"Father! invoke of Heaven the aid
And pardon for a dying maid—

Peace for a Soul that finds no rest,
Nor *craves* it now but with the blest.
The light is fading from mine eye,
An icy chill is at my heart,
The time hath come for me to die—
But ere my Spirit hence shall fly,
A tale of Wo I would impart,
Which I would have thee breathe to none,
But GAMBA's ear when I am gone.
My home is o'er the deep, blue sea,
Where Love and Beauty are divine—
Our being—breath—eternity,—
I am a hapless Florentine,
Of noble birth and title high—
But mine was a false Deity,
Worshiped too early and too well—
It fled, but left its fatal spell—
Alas! how fatal, these pale cheeks may tell!

Mine is no tale of murder dire,
Committed in revengeful ire,

And Woman's fit of frenzy brief,
But one of deep, enduring grief,
That fosters enmity for none—
If so—dark deeds I might have done;
For I have watched, full many an hour,
GAMBA, reposing in his bower,
And stood beside the couch of her,
Who made this heart a sepulchre;
And might have shorn her thread of life—
Perchance have been my GAMBA'S wife!
But, in my heart arose no strife—
My sin hath been to love too well—
To cherish hope I could not quell.

Words are too weak to tell to thee,
Father! my young heart's Dream of Bliss—
It was a holy Fantasy,
Sent down from other worlds to this,
To win my Spirit from frail toys—
Encircle it with Heavenly joys—
A lovely—blest—eternal Ray,
Extinguishing each lesser light,

As the effulgent God of day
  Eclipses all the stars of night.
All treachery from my soul was hidden,
And Earth lay beautiful as Eden,
That is, if I could ken beyond
  The realm of my own loving Heart,
Where GAMBA's Image, dear and fond,
  And bright, illumined every part,
And drew my young enraptured thought
From all it ever loved or sought.
I took no pleasure in my lute—
It hung, for aye, unstrung and mute,
Save when it woke for GAMBA's ear
The themes that Love delights to hear:
I gazed no more on the blue sky,
Drinking ethereal minstrelsy,
As was my wont in days gone by;
My Amaranths to ruin run—
My Pencil, that renown had won
And high applause, now traced no line,
But GAMBA's face and form divine.

I placed his picture on the wall,
Where RAPHAEL'S sainted MARY hung,
And drank the praise, unknown to all,
That through the storied gallery rung:
I lined my walls with likenesses
Of my adored from side to side—
I traced his features on the trees
Along the sunny ARNO'S tide—
I peopled with them vale and grove—
Them in my fine embroidery wove—
I worshiped—drank—and fed—and lived on Love.

III.

ALAS! that Vision passed away,
Fleet as the Iris' melting ray,
And left me desolate and lone—
Lone as Despair's departing moan;
Lone as the solitary Flower
That blooms and dies in desert bower;—
Lone as the Dead within the tomb,
Where never ray awakes their gloom.

IV.

KIND Father! frown not on this tale
Of woman's love and woman's wo,
For love is woman's bane and bale,
And woman's Paradise below;—
Yes! Love is manna sent from Heaven
To feed the weary, famished Heart,
That through the desert waste is driven
Of this Life's cold and selfish mart;—
It is the magnet of the Mind,
Where turns the compass of the Soul,
Which way soever blows the wind,
However high the billows roll—
A bright ray of the Deity,
That over sunless chaos burst,
Lighting all space eternally,
Still blissful, bounteous as at first—
The Loadstar of both Heaven and earth—
Created ere Creation's birth.

V.

Allured by high Ambition's wiles,
Count Gamba sought these Indian Isles
To win a sumptuous home for me,
Some lovelier spot beyond the sea—
Then hither was to hasten back,
And bear me o'er the liquid track,
A wedded Bride
Here to abide;
But he, on whom my heart relied,
Crossed not again the dangerous tide.

Th' appointed nuptial day went by,
Yet Gamba's Vessel drew not nigh,
Neither came Missive o'er the sea
To mitigate my misery.—
I cannot tell the pangs I felt—
How oft before the cross I knelt—
Life—Light—Hope—faded from my sight,
And my sick heart within me died,
Upon that faithless—fatal Night
That should have made me Gamba's bride.

I gladly would have sought the sea,
That severed far my love from me,
And, from some high Leucadian steep,
Have made a second Sapphic leap,
And sought that rest the World denied,
Beneath the deep oblivious tide.

VI.

At last the tidings came that he
Had wed a lovely Indian Belle,
Of fortune and of high degree,
Forgetful of his Isabelle,
Who would have bartered Paradise
For but one glance of his bright eyes—
Ay, would have yielded life—Heaven—all,
To be one hour his menial.
Alas! that Woman ere should give
Her young heart wholly to another,
Who may for her a few days live,
Then love as fondly any other:
While like the dove she mourns her fate,
But never finds another mate.

From dire misfortunes we may rise,
And cleave again the upper skies—
May fly the scenes of fear and dread—
Forget to mourn the hallowed dead—
With calm serenity may learn
The cold world's heartless sneers to spurn;
But when Love's keen envenomed dart
Enters into the tender heart—
Hope—Effort—sunny skies are vain—
Its founts will never clear again;
'Tis as an Incubus had laid
Its paralyzing finger there—
Suddenly every quick pulse stayed,
And breathed on it the Dead Sea air.

VII.

At first delirium seized my brain,
A strange, wild sense of burning pain
Shot through my heart and every vein—
And in the mad-house I was cooped,
Where, like a fettered bird, I drooped:

Yet, 'twas some solace unto me,
To sit and hear the maniac's cries,
Which through my cell ran constantly,
And wild as demon harmonies;—
To list the prayer—the moan—the sigh—
Of those who willed, but could not die:—
It was some happiness to know
I was not all alone in wo.

VIII.

It passed—and I was free again,
But not from Sorrow's wasting pain;
I had full liberty to stray
Along the Arno's limpid way,
And sit at leisure on its brim—
They humored well my every whim,
But deeper plans absorbed my mind,
Than their philosophy divined;
I strayed, regardless of my fate,
To Roncesvalles' storied Strait,
There plied the Gipsy's tuneful art,
Then sought the idol of my heart

Beneath this lovely Indian sky,
That I might near him live and sigh,
Though poor, alone,
And all unknown,
Even to him for whom I die.

IX.

Thou know'st it all—my tale is done—
My feeble strength and breath are gone,
And, I can only offer thee
Thanks for thy prayer and sympathy—
Implore thee to return this Ring
To Gamba when I am no more,
And tell him all this suffering
That Isabelle for Gamba bore—
It is the pledge he gave to me
To seal Love's vows of constancy
In our own lovely Italy—
I pray, too, thou'lt restore to him
This gold, which at my feet he threw,
When lingering on Nieva's brim,
To list the lute I swept for him,

And me unrecognized to view.
I have bedewed it with my tears,
Till scarce the hue of gold it wears—
I've worn it nearest to my heart,
And now 'tis hard from it to part;
But I would have him see the token,
And life-drops of the heart he's broken!"
She said, and cold, and stark, and pale,
Rose—vanished from the Friar's sight,
Along the aisle and through the vale,
Like some ethereal form of light,
And never more,
Along that shore,
Nor in that blooming Indian glade,
Was heard the mournful Gipsy Maid!

CANTO III.

I.

Aurora's smile awoke the World,
Backward Night's circling vapors curled,
Into the raptured ear of Day,
The lark poured his melodious lay—
And slowly Gamba strode the dell,
Unmindful of young Isabelle.
He thought not of his broken troth,
He thought not of that Maiden's wroth,
Of all the pangs that she must feel,
Of all the heart cannot reveal,
When left o'er buried Hopes to brood,
And sigh itself away in solitude.

He thought not of those burning tears—
The lonely hours that must be hers
Through long and slowly rolling years,—
Oh, God! what torture's in those Hours,
Whose wings hang drooping o'er the Soul,
Like dead sails when aerial Powers
Refuse the stagnant waves to roll!
'Tis as amid dim nothingness
Eternity did on us press—
Life's sluggish currents all stood still,
And Death had clasped us in his chill!

II.

At last, beneath a myrtle bower,
He paused, the slanting beams to shun,
And bending low to pluck a flower
Just opening to the morning sun,
All lowly laid—in death arrayed,
He there beheld the Gipsy Maid—
Her eyelids calmly—meekly closed,
Her limbs becomingly composed

As those who lie in sumptuous hall,
Or Temple draped in gorgeous pall.
  Transfixed he gazed a moment mute—
Now on her brow—now on her Lute,
That mid the violets sighing lay
    Deeply and true,
    As if it knew
Its master hand had turned to clay.
Then from his bosom burst a sigh—
Tears filled his eye—he knew not why,
And torn by many a painful thought
  Of this poor Gipsy Maiden's strife,
His home with solemn step he sought,
  And sate him down beside his Wife,
And told her all that he had seen
Of Death upon the dewy green;
Then sought his solitary room,
  In past and present strove to find
The cause of this depressing gloom,
  And melancholy of the mind—
Why from the first her Lute-tones fell
On his rapt ear like funeral knell.

III.

Young Leila's cheek turned ashy white,
And rising up she called for aid,
And like a sainted form of light
With solemn mien she sought the Maid—
Laved her pale brow from silver cup,
And looped her silken tresses up—
Bedecked her form in snowy vest—
Her small hands folded o'er her breast
In meekest, and serenest rest—
The rosary said,
And bright tears shed,
As underneath the sod and deep,
They laid her down in her dreamless sleep.

IV.

Meantime, with many a pious thought,
The holy Friar Gamba sought—
Before him placed the garnered gold—
The Ring that all his errand told—

To him the Maiden's sorrows broke,
And much of faithless Lovers spoke,
Then coldly frowning turned and left
The paling Count, of Reason half bereft.

V.

He raised the Ring—he scanned it well,
And read upon it "Isabelle"—
Then from his trembling hand it fell—
And Peace his bosom bade farewell—
Hope never oped her eyes again—
Joy—Consolation came in vain.

VI.

There valiant Knight and Beauty throng—
Gay is the dance—and gay the song,
That flows those sumptuous halls along;
Wine sparkles in the golden bowl—
Joy—mirth from every portal roll—

Each tries the most the fête to grace—
Who most can GAMBA's grief efface,
That still defies Love's subtlest plea,
And every sound of Revelry.

VII.

FEW are the words that GAMBA speaks,
Few are the pleasures that he seeks,
Fewer the moments that he lends
To Beauty and attendant friends;
No longer with convivial Lord,
He revels o'er the midnight board,—
No longer courts the festive hall,—
But mutely—coldly shrinks from all;
In darkest night he strides the dell,
Where sleeps the dust of ISABELLE—
Paces around and round her tomb—
Strews it with flowers of freshest bloom—
While every pulse rebounds with pain,
And Madness fires soul, heart, and brain.

'Twas sad to see the blush of Youth
Give place to hues of sallow ruth;
'Twas sad to see his sunken eye—
'Twas sad to hear the hollow sigh
Escaping from his heart perforce—
But such is ever thy sure work, Remorse!
And oh! 'twas sadder still to view
Young LEILA's cheek assume the hue
Of flowers beneath the Autumn dew!

VIII.

IT is the mellow twilight hour—
And GAMBA sits in his cool bower,
His pale cheek resting on his hand—
His thoughts afar in Spirit-Land,
Lingering in eternal spell
Around the Soul of ISABELLE;
Nor heeds the gentle step of her
Who comes his lonely breast to cheer,
The limpid drops that trickle down
Her olive cheek and snowy gown,

Till smiling through those sainted tears,
She, kneeling at his feet, appears.

IX.

If ever Angels from their spheres
On mortals gaze with pitying tears,
They now look down and weep to see
This thwarted love and misery—
Loud waft accordant prayers through Heaven,
That Peace may to each breast be given.

X.

"Oh, Gamba! why this inward strife?"
Weeping, she said, "my light, my life!
Why sternly—coldly shrink from me,
As from a hateful Enemy?
What have I done to grieve thy heart?
To cause thy thoughts from me to rove?
Can I no more inspire thy Love?

Flown from me all is Beauty's Art?
Am I less gentle—loving now,
Than when Heaven sealed our nuptial vow?
Less truthful—trustful unto thee?
Less happy in thy company?
I've followed thee along the glade,
Where sleeps the Gipsy minstrel Maid—
Have watched thee by the brink and stream,
And heard thee murmur in thy dream
'O ISABELLE—O ISABELLE!'—
And down before the Virgin fell—
And prayed for power my fears to quell!
Oh! dost thou still refuse to wake
  The inward woes thy mien declares?
Wilt thou leave this fond heart to break
  Beneath this weight of wasting cares?
I could bear wrong—disgrace and pain—
Life's direst racks of heart and brain—
All other desperate freaks of Fate—
But never, GAMBA, brook thy hate!
I've knelt at the Confession Chair,
Nor solace gained from Priest nor Prayer—

Here kneeling crave to know thy grief—
Oh, break, or give this heart relief!
If this is frenzy—be it so,
I cannot conquer all this wo—
This holy Love, that from the first
Burned with a never-quenching thirst!
Nor will I murmur at my fate—
I may, perchance, deserve thy hate;
Yes! if 'tis guilt to win the heart
Of one so dear by any art—
And still to love so pure and well—
Then guilt is mine more black than Hell,
And this is but just punishment
By righteous Heaven upon me sent!"

XI.

"LEILA, my dear—devoted friend,
Being in whom all Virtues blend,
Pardon the pangs thy breast I've given—
For me, Oh! waft thy prayers to Heaven!

I need them much—the peace—the rest
That never more may seek this breast—
This gnawing Grief—this deep distress
  Is not from any act of thine—
Neither because I prize thee less
  Than when Heaven linked thy fate to mine—
But Oh! forgive the guilt I'd smother—
This heart was plighted to another!
For whom I deemed Affection flown,
Before I made thee all mine own—
But I have learned by suffering long,
And anguish all for words too strong,
And my sad Spirit's ceaseless moan,
That we can love, but once—and one—
All other is reflected light—
Such as illumes the Queen of Night.
The Minstrel Maid whose melody,
  Three weary years, entranced this dell,
Was my affianced ILABELLE—
  A Daughter of the Tuscan sky—
The fairest Maid beneath the sun,
Whose hand I early sought and won—

Upon it placed this glittering Token
Of vows that I have basely broken ;—
She hither came, poor girl, to sigh
Her heart away—near me to die,
Unknown to all save the old Friar,
Who bore this Ring to me by her desire—
Tidings that brain—heart—soul did fire !

She might have been to Kings allied—
But this forbore to be my Bride—
She might have been beloved and cherished—
But for my sake, she pined and perished—
A Minstrel poor—on India's shore
Singing for bread from door to door.

Whilom along the Arno's side,
We wandered oft at eventide,
She gazing on the glowing skies,
And I into her laughing eyes ;
And there, when Angels watched above,
I told to her my burning love.
I have no power—no words to tell
How much I loved young Isabelle.

She was the Angel of my youth—
The paragon of Love and Truth—
The child of Art and Minstrelsy—
All light—all loveliness to me.
And oh! that she should dare the surf—
Repose upon the chilling turf—
Three weary years
In pain and tears
For me, who could betray her trust—
O God! O God! thy wrath is just!

I know not why
Tears filled mine eye,
Whene'er for me she woke her Lyre—
Its every tone was fraught with fire,
That made life's sluggish current start,
And boil along my every vein,
Up to the caverns of the brain,
Then left it freezing round my heart.
Ever upon its mournful swell
Came thoughts to me of Isabelle—
Beauty—and Love—and Italy—
And of my hideous perfidy.

Mine eyes have hung upon her form,
As held by some unearthly charm;
I've stood beneath the burning sky,
And drank her matchless Minstrelsy—
Have lain at noon of night and wept,
While through my lattice lone it swept—
Lone as some fallen Spirit's chime—
Sad as the funeral dirge of Time.

Five summers since I sought this land
Despite my Isabelle's command—
Here yielded to thy wealth and beauty
My plighted heart and sacred duty—
And well hath Heaven avenged my sin;
My babes like Autumn flowers have faded,
And passed from earth—my heart hath been
By Hell's consuming fires invaded—
Peace—Pleasure driven from my breast—
And, from my haunted pillow, Rest.
The Flowers she loved and tended much,
Shrink coldly shivering from my touch;
The Stars look down upbraidingly;
Even reptiles curse my perfidy—

And all that now, dear LEILA, I can crave
Of thee, is prayer, and pardon, and a grave—
Let no one write my history—
Indite no epitaph for me—
My country, name, or wo to tell—
I only crave to rest by ISABELLE."

XII.

PALE as a marble statue there,
Still LEILA knelt with vacant stare;
'Twas as some unexpected dart
Had instantly transfixed her heart—
The grave had opened at her feet—
From its cold clasp left no retreat.
She passed her hand before her eyes,
Her soul's emotions to disguise,
And to conceal the tears that slid
In silence from each burning lid—
Then faintly said—"In thy despair
Thou hast my pardon—and my prayer;
Arouse thee from this lethargy—
What is the World—Life—Light to me—

Youth, Beauty, Wealth—unshared by thee!
I had a dream in my sweet Youth
Of nuptial bliss untouched by ruth,
Such as our own seemed—but 'tis passed—
It was too pure—too heavenly bright to last!"

XIII.

Little can prayer avail on high,
For those who will and crave to die.
Still day and night he strode the dale—
Still day and night became more pale—
More solemn in his mien and mood—
More wed to grief and solitude;
And ere the leaves of Autumn fell,
They laid him down by Isabelle.

XIV.

Leila had youth and beauty left,
But sudden Grief her heart had cleft;

Forth from that melancholy Hour,
She GAMBA sought in twilight bower,
And heard his trembling lips recite
The tale that turned her heart to night;
She never woke to him her pain,
Or craved to know his grief again;
She never told to friend or foe
Whence came, or how, this wasting wo—
None knew the death-chill at her heart,
Save he who planted there the dart—
They only heard her constant sighs,
And missed the lustre from her eyes,
And saw her cheek fade, hue by hue,
As flowers beneath the Autumn dew;
Her words to GAMBA still were kind,
And soothing to his ruined mind—
Even in his latest, dying hour,
They held o'er him a magic power—
But from that mournful eve they laid
Him down beside the Gipsy Maid.
They never saw young LEILA more;—
She could not brook their holy rest

While secret Sorrow rent her breast—
She could not brook the cold World's sneer—
Pride's heartless taunt—and Envy's jeer.
Time—Tide, no tidings of her bore,
Though her they sought afar and near,
O'er sea, and land, and mountain drear;
But all who passed those graves at night
Saw, by the pale star's glimmering light,
A Lady with long raven hair,
And sea-drenched garments, weeping there.

XV.

There mouldering still their Castle stands,
Like some proud wreck of Feudal lands,
To greet the eye of all who stray
Along the Nieva's blooming way,
Where every vassal in the vale
Can tell its melancholy tale.
The Winds are sighing through the halls,
The lizard glistens on the walls—
From roof and rafter-spiders dangle,
And weave their webs in every angle—

The ivy through the lattice creeps,
The owl from porch to gallery sweeps—
And in the Towers for Centuries
Goblins have held their revelries.
Who strove to tarry there the night,
Fled ere the morning with affright;
Soon as the tapers they withdrew,
The bolts and bars asunder flew,
And pallid spectres glided in,
Their nightly revelings to begin.
The mournful Gipsy Maiden's song
Beneath the casement flowed along,
The solemn warblings of her lute,
While all to catch its notes were mute.
Then rose upon the trembling Air
The broken-hearted Leila's prayer—
The sounds of Gamba's feet as he
Paced to and fro the gallery—
And still 'tis shunned by Lord and Vassal—
And called by all the Haunted Castle.

Miscellaneous Poems.

UNA.

THERE is but little on this Earth
To fill the Soul of lofty birth—
At best it much must feel the dearth
Of genial showers.

It binds Nepenthe to its lips,
And at Life's sparkling goblet sips,
While in the waters Fennel dips
Its bitter flowers.

But UNA, round thy heart's blest shrine,
No bitter Fennel-blossoms twine—
By odor-breathing flowers divine,
It is embalmed.

Sere lies my heart—and sere its world—
Since thou wert from its altars hurled—
My Spirit's pinions have been furled,
Like sails becalmed.

Love on my heart thy form did stamp,
Thy Beauty, like a vestal lamp,
Within my Soul's cell, dark and damp,
For ever burns.

And unto thee, as to its goal,
Gazes athirst the stranded Soul,
As points the magnet to the Pole,
My sick heart turns.

THE UNMASKED.

: struggle is over—my pulses once more
p free as the waves on the surf-beaten shore—
i my Spirit looks up to the World of all Bliss—
l heaves not a sigh for the faithless in this.

·as the nightfall of Wo, when the sky was all dark,
l the Tempest encompassed my rudderless Bark,
ıt arose mid the darkness thy radiant form,
e the Rainbow illuming the Death-guided storm.

Angel thou seem'dst, that had come to the Earth,
guide me—to nourish my heart in its dearth—
l blindly as Paynim kneels down to his God,
ıve loved thee—have worshiped the earth thou hast trod.

But this waste of Affection—this prodigal part
Is over—the mask has been torn from thy heart—
And back with affright and amazement I shrink—
At a Fount so unholy my Soul cannot drink.

DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

Upon his couch the dying Sachem lay,
Like one that hath reclined to take his rest,
After the weary toils of day are done.
His eyes were closed, and thro' the dungeon came
The evening Wind, and lifted with light fingers,
His raven hair, and laid it off his brow,
And roused him from the clammy sleep of Death,
That fast was stealing on his heavy lids.
Slowly he rose, and sate upon his couch
Upright, and laid his arms across his breast,
Like one about to speak from out his heart,
And to his Warriors, standing round him, said—
"Bring ye my moccasons, the Belt of War,
Quiver, and scalping-knife, and tomahawk,

That decked me on triumphal battle-days;
For the Great Spirit calls me to the Land
Of Logan, and of Philip; and I would
Appear before them as becomes a Chief
Of the brave Seminoles—one who has bled
T' avenge the murder of their Wives and Babes.

The Red Man's lamp is almost spent—its beams
Will flicker but a little while, and then
His name will live but in the jests of men,
Or sickly Poet's oft repeated tales;
But by brave deeds procrastinate the hour.
When ye behold your Chief no more on Earth,
Bend not your necks beneath the Tyrant's yoke,
But bear you as becomes your lofty Tribe—
Warriors and Chiefs that Osceola led."

Now from his brow he wiped the icy dew,
And to his feet uprose, and by the aid
Of her he loved, bedecked him for the tomb.
The moccasons, and turban of gay plumes,

nd leggins, which were made of human scalps,
nd belt, that held his glittering knife, put on;
efore the mirror, which they brought him, laid
he Achiote on his face with Artist's care;
nd when the solemn toilette he had made,
is hand in silence to the Chiefs he gave,
is little ones embraced with trembling lip,
ke one about to leave his friends awhile
pon some dangerous journey Fate impels;
nen leant upon his couch, and laid his head
pon his NUA's breast, and fell asleep.

THE BELEAGUERED HEART.

I AM looking down into my Heart—
Into its deep—deep stream,
Where, choking up its current, lie
The ashes of Love's Dream.

Along the brightly blooming banks
With a solemn step and slow,
And visage drear—and gleaming spear,
Stride the Sentinels of Wo.

While from the troubled waters flow
Into my mental ear,
Like those sounds, that oft when half asleep
And half awake, we hear—

The softest—saddest Music that
O'er mortal ear e'er stole
Up from the Hearth-stone of the Heart,
Or, the Altars of the Soul.

Voices whose tones have long been hushed
Mid the rushing waves of Life—
All false, and fadeless vows of Love—
All jarring notes of Strife.—

I hear the mournful moans of Joy—
Hope, sobbing while she cheers—
Like dew, descending from the leaf,
The dropping of Love's tears.

The heavy sighings of Despair,
As she folds her dusky wings—
The wild, impetuous gushings of
A thousand secret springs.

I am looking down into my Heart—
Into its deep—deep stream,
Where, choking up its current, lie
The ashes of Love's Dream.

MY STUDY.

This is my World—my Angel-guarded Shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When Sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed;
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers, and sustenance divine;
When soft illusive Hopes my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad, or studious mood resign.
Here oft upon the stream of Thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the Banks of Childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody;
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide
Where darker frowns the steeps, and deeper flows the Tide.

HEART JOYS.

The Disappointments that did drape my Youth,
And heavily upon my heart-strings lay;
The yellow Fennel that entwined my way,
Breathing upon my Soul the dews of ruth;
The many failings I have known of Truth,
And Love, and Friendship—gnawing cares,
Toils, tears, bereavements—inward aches of years,
That teach me Life's realities, in sooth;
All have not banished from my bosom Hope,
Or drank the freshness of its youthful bloom—
There are some feelings Grief cannot entomb—
Joys that to common day-beams never ope—
My Spirit feeds on inborn blessedness
And still hath faith in Truth, and Love, and Happiness.

THE POET.

ɜ airy Habitants of Fashion's Mart!
ho, like the gayly painted Butterflies,
ek but to dazzle by your gaudy dyes—
om all, that seems not gold and glitter, start
ɔpalled—as there could be nor Soul, nor Heart;
ho, never felt ennobling sympathies
ıicken your breasts; or heard Humanity's
ɛep pleading voice; scorn not the Poet's art!
ɔok nor disdainfully, nor cold on him,
ıough soiled his garb, and wanting many a stitch—
le, worn his brow—his eyes with weeping dim;
ıough he charm not the stony-hearted Rich,
ıs bosom throbs with higher—holier fire,
ıan ever base, or common souls inspire.

POESY.

I.

The Earth, the Sea, the Air, are full of thee—
All animated Nature owns thy sway—
The Angels thy entrancing spells obey,
Inexplicable—Heaven-born Poesy!
Thou art the holiest gift of Deity—
The High-Priest of the Heart, that soothing e'er
To its confessions lend'st a willing ear;
O'er its dark waters breath'st serenity,
And giv'st a voice to all its sacred feeling;
Thou dwellest with the humble, sad, and lone,
And broken-hearted, when Love, Hope have flown,
And Death Life's shallow current is congealing;
Thou bidd'st the Soul look heavenward from this clod—
And art the heart's best refuge next to God.

II.

ow could I live without thee! Unto whom,
melancholy moments, could I fly,
breathe or thought, or wish, or hope, or sigh,
d claim, in turn, a smile to light the gloom
at hovers o'er my heart, as o'er a tomb!
ho could allure me from th' embrace of Sorrow—
r Spirit cheer with visions of To-morrow,
t thou? Who'd dwell with me mid bud and bloom;
hill, and dale, and stream, and rustling grove,
aching me Nature's language—those great Truths,
at her least works into the mind infuse?
o lead me through those starry aisles above,
veiling so mine eyes Eternity,
thou shouldst leave me—blest—inspiring Poesy?

TO CORINNE.

I.

It was the time of vernal bud and blossom,
When blushing Flora roved by wood and lea,
Breathing perfume from her ambrosial bosom,
Fresh palpitating from the Deity;
When pearly-footed Brooklets down the vale,
Went leaping into Ocean's calm embrace;
And sweet-voiced Fountains sang in every dale,
As glad to leave their ice-bound hiding place,
And bask in April's renovating noon;
When from a thousand wind-harps music burst—
And my young heart with Nature was in tune,
That I beheld thee, fair Corinne, first,
And from Love's quiver sped the fatal dart
That held, and holds transfixed my bleeding heart.

II.

Thy voice flows o'er my list'ning heart like sound
From fairy fount, or lute in Land of Dreams,
And full thy loveliness upon me teems,
With thy bright presence lighting all around,
Until my pulses leap like rills unbound,
I see again thine eyes effulgent beams—
I walk with thee along the laughing Streams—
Thro' whispering Grove—o'er flower-bespangled ground,—
And feel thy gentle touch my heart-strings thrill,
As thou dost on my doting arm recline,
Speaking from out thy sinless Spirit's shrine,
Or trilling song, whose heavenly music still,
Steals softly on my weary, thirsting Soul,
Exerting o'er it aye a calm and sweet control.

III.

I think of thee till all is dim confusion,
And Reason reels upon her fragile throne—

The past and present blend in strange illusion—
Thoughts, feelings, all commingle into one,
As streams and rills into the Ocean run,
And my pale cheeks are drenched with a suffusion
Of drops upheaved from lava-founts of wo;
And while these burning tides my lids o'erflow,
Impassioned Fancy to thy presence hies,
And suns her in the radiance of thine eyes,
At the pure well-spring of thy bosom sips,
And feeds upon the nectar of thy lips;
Then back, with gathered sweets, returns to me,
As homeward comes at eve the honey-freighted bee.

IV.

A THOUSAND times I've vowed to say farewell—
A thousand times that word died on my lip—
A thousand times resolved no more to sip
The cup, in which but baneful poisons dwell—
A thousand times have tried the storm to quell
That in this desolated breast doth rave—
And sworn to cool my heart in Lethe's wave—
Against all bonds of Beauty to rebel;

But such resolves like morning mist depart,
And like PROMETHEUS on his rocky peak,
Writhing beneath the Eagle's slakeless beak,
I feel the Vulture gnawing at my heart—
And to his fangs my bosom have resigned,
Till Death in mercy shall my chain unbind.

LAMENT OF LA VEGA.

" O patria amada! á ti suspira y llora
Está en su carcel alma peregrina,
Llevada errando, en otro instante."

I.

I AM a Captive on a hostile shore,
Caged, like the falcon from his native skies,
And doomed my agonizing grief to pour
In futile lamentations, tears, and sighs,
And feed the gaze of fools whom I despise.
Daily they taunt my heart with bitter sneers—
They prate of Liberty—deeds great and wise,
And fill the air with patriotic cheers,
While human shackles clank around the listless ears.

II.

Hark! hear ye not, mid those triumphal cries,
The clanking of the Ethiopian's chains?
His smothered curses from the rice-fields rise?
The loud indignant beating of his veins,
Stirred by the lava hell that in him reigns?
Hear'st him not writhe against the dark decree
That gyves the Soul—for it brute-rank maintains?
The impetuous rushings of his heart when he
Watches the Eagle soar into the Heavens all free?

III.

My Soul, appalled, shrinks from Hypocrisy,
And whatsoever bears Deception's name—
Under thy banner—heaven-born Liberty!
The fiends of War, inflated with acclaim,
Revel in Crime and Virtue put to shame—
They slaughter babes and wives without a cause,
And holding up their reeking blades, exclaim—

"A Victory!" Demolish homes, rights, laws,
And o'er the wreck send up to Heaven their proud hurrahs

IV.

I AM a Captive while my Country bleeds;
For Retribution loudly cries to Heaven,
And for the presence of her warriors pleads
Till from her far the ruthless foe is driven—
Oh GOD! oh GOD! hast thou my Country given
To direful Fate? Must I lie cooped up here;
While she by desecrating hands is riven;
The sobs of Age, and Beauty's shrieks of fear,
Like funeral knells afar are tolling in my ear?

V.

AND thou, ethereal One! my Spirit's Bride,
My Star, my Sun, the never-fading Beam
That lit my youthful feet mid ways untried;
Within me woke each high ambitious scheme—

And here dost hover o'er me in my dream,
Pressing thy lips to mine until I feel
Our quick hearts ebbing into one soft stream
Of holy Love—ah! who will guard thy weal,
And from thy breast avert the dark marauder's steel?

VI.

Oh, my distracted Country! Child of Pain
And Anarchy!—thee shall I see no more
Till thou art struggling in the Tyrant's chain,
Oppressed by Insult and by Sorrow sore,
And steeping in thy children's sacred gore?
Must thy dim Star of Glory set for aye?
Must thou become the Poet's Mecca? Lore
For Antiquaries? Temple of Decay?
Wilt thou survive no more, my beautiful Monterey?

VII.

Spirit of Cortez! Montezuma! rise!
Let not the foe your cherished land enslave,
Let her not fall a bloody sacrifice,
And thou, eternal Cid! who from the grave

Didst wake to lead to victory the brave!
Heroes who fell in Roncesvalles' vale!
And ye who fought by Darro's golden wave,
From the Red Vega drove the Moslem pale,
Hear, in the Spirit-Land, my Country's doleful wail!

THE DEAD.

The Dead—the Dead, ah, where are they?
What distant Planet do they tread?
What Stars illume their blissful way?
What Suns their light around them shed?

Do they look through the mystic veil,
That hides them from our mortal eyes?
And catch the Mourner's plaintive wail,
That o'er their sepulchres doth rise?

Do they the bitter pinings know
Of Friends that hold their memory dear—
The many sighs—the tears that flow
Because they dwell no longer here?—

Oh, if they do! 'tis meed enough
For all the tears that we must shed—
The chains of Wo, we cannot doff,
Till we are numbered with the Dead!

THE ANGELS.

An Impromptu.

Star of the Hesperian Heaven!
Sentry at the gates of Even!
On thy crescent bright I gaze,
Till amid the silvery rays,
Clothed in light, methinks, I see
Spirits of the dear to me—
Hear the swelling of their Lyres,
As they sweep the mystic wires.
There one with long golden tresses,
Folds her hands as me she blesses—
One with calm, meek, bended eyes,
Becks me to those soul-lit skies.—
Oh! it is a blissful thought,
When the War of Life is fought,
Valiant Souls begirt by Love,
Find a Resting-Place above.

THE BARD.

Why should my anxious heart repine
That Wealth and Power can ne'er be mine
And Love has flown—
That Friendship changes as the breeze?
Mine is a joy unknown to these;
In Song's bright zone,
To sit by Helicon serene
And hear the waves of Hippocrene
Lave Phœbus' throne.

Here deathless Lyres the strains prolong,
That gush from living founts of Song
Without a cross;
Here Spirits never feel the weight
Of Wrong, or Envy, or of Hate,
Or earthly loss;

The pomp of Pelf, the pride of Birth,
The gilded trappings of this Earth
Return to dross.

Oh! ye, who would forget the ills
Of Earth, and all the bosom fills
With agony!
Come, dwell with me in Fancy's dream,
Beside this lovely—fabled stream
Of Minstrelsy;
And let its draughts celestial roll
Into the deep wells of thy Soul
Eternally.

God always sets along the way
Of weary Souls some beacon-ray
Of light divine;
And only when my Spirit's wings
Are weary in the quest of springs
Of Song, I pine;
If I could always Heavenward fly,
And never Earthward turn mine eye,
Bliss would be mine!

WRECK OF THE CUTTER.

In Nieva's Bay the winds are high,
The yeasty waters lash the shoals,
The Lightnings flash athwart the sky,
Around the rattling Thunder rolls;
And to and fro beneath its shocks,
The green Earth like a cradle rocks.

The startled Eagle seeks his nest,
The trembling flocks troop to their fold;
For some serener place of rest,
The Fawn forsakes the dangerous wold;
And Echo sighs on the moaning air—
"God save the helpless Marinér!"

The Reaper rises from his work,
And upward casts a doleful look
Upon the Heavens all grim and mirk;
The Shepherd leans upon his crook,
And from his heart ascends the prayer—
"God save the helpless Marinér!"

The hoary Sailor looks aloft,
And for his Brethren heaves a sigh;
The Maiden turns her blue eye soft
Up to the storm-enshrouded sky,
And from her heart goes up the prayer—
"God save the helpless Marinér!"

* * * * *

They start at the boom of the minute-gun—
They see, by the livid lightning's flash,
The Cutter leap the billow dun,
Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—
Her pale crew clinging to the mast,
Like Spirits driven before the blast.

All night they hear the signal peal—
All night, by the Cannon's blazing breath,
They see that Bark, like a drunkard, reel
Above the yawning gulf of Death;
And shudd'ring, only breathe the prayer—
"God save the helpless Marinér!"

At dawn lies Nieva's deep blue Wave,
Unruffled as an Infant's sleep—
Not a ripple marks the Cutter's grave;
But where they watch beside the deep,
Drifts a Maiden fair—with long black hair,
In the death-clasp of the Marinér.